THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Founded 1815

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VOLUME 245 SUMMER 1938 NUMBER 2

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Foreword	J. P.	211
Parents Go On Strike	K. D. KINGSLEY	221
Have We Bonds with the British?	QUINCY HOWE	240
The Subject in Recent American Painting	VIRGIL BARKER	256
Jake Boyd. *Story*	WARREN BECK	262
Cross of Silver	JOHN H. CRIDER	280
Iberian Poems	ARCHER MILTON HUNTINGTON	292
Radio's Music	PHILIP KERBY	300
My Author's League with Mark Twain	DOROTHY QUICK	315
The Fugitive. *Story*	MORLEY CALLAGHAN	330
A Contented Bourgeois	HERBERT C. PELL	340
A Hundred Billion for Warriors	E. K. TITUS	350
American Biography and the Modern World	EDGAR JOHNSON	364
Sinclair Lewis — his Critics and the Public *The Prodigal Parents.* By Sinclair Lewis	LLOYD MORRIS	381
The Mother of *Little Women* *Louisa May Alcott.* By Katharine Anthony	ODELL SHEPARD	391
Aftermath of Civil War *The Story of Reconstruction: 1865–1877.* By Robert Selph Henry *The Politicos.* By Mathew Josephson	HERSCHEL BRICKELL	399
A Wider Audience for Poetry *A Poet's Life.* By Harriet Monroe	MILDRED BOIE	408
Contributors' Column		415

The NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW: Published quarterly by The North American Review Corporation. Publication office, Rumford Building, Concord, N. H. Editorial and executive office, 597 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Price $1.00 a copy; $4.00 per year; Canada, $4.25; foreign countries, $4.50. Entered as second-class matter Dec. 18, 1920, at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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Foreword

LAST JANUARY President Roosevelt explained to Congress that the United States needs a national income of a hundred billion dollars a year. The discovery was received with enthusiastic approval by many individuals, but there were others who insisted that a diagnosis is one thing, but a remedy quite another.

As the President has come to realize, social reforms are dependent upon prosperity. Perhaps all benevolence is a luxury which only the prosperous can afford. Starving men must steal, they have no other recourse. A starving community cannot afford social security, education, or even an expensive government.

In our search for humanitarian improvements, we are apt to take basic prosperity for granted just as a child takes his daily bread as a matter of course until, grown to manhood, he begins to shift for himself. It is pointed out that America possesses vast natural resources, but we forget that the resources were here when the Indians were here, yet the Indians were usually one jump ahead of starvation, and sometimes one behind. The attitude of the reformers is like the attitude of the stableman who became so engrossed in polishing his tack that he forgot to feed his horse. Saddles and bridles glistened but, in the end, the horse died.

With all the statistics, theories and formulae which

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have come out of Washington in recent years, I cannot remember seeing one which dealt with the conditions necessary for the creation of wealth, yet without such conditions there will be no reforms and no well fed reformers.

There is much confusion regarding the nature of wealth. The language of good accounting practice translates objects into dollars, so that we think of all commodities in terms of value only. In a balance sheet, elephants, automobiles, and ideas might all be lumped into an item called "other assets" though the three are, in many ways, totally different. There is, in fact, no limit to the forms which wealth may assume, but there are two broad categories which, for want of better names, I call commonwealth and property.

Property in its simplest form is the fruit of ingenuity and effort. If, in a sparsely settled region you go into the forest and pick a pail of blueberries, it requires no profound logic to defend the proposition that they are yours and that there is no moral reason why you should divide them with someone else who did not take the trouble to go into the woods. If you had not taken the trouble to pick the blueberries they would, in time, have withered and died. Your exertion created wealth and, in all fairness, that wealth is your property, to consume and enjoy.

In the complex world in which we live, there are, unfortunately, few examples as simple as this. In many parts of the country, even today, blueberries exist in what amounts to limitless quantities — pick as many as you will, and no one is the poorer: wealth has been created, not purloined from someone else.

The same is not true of such natural resources as timber and oil. There is a visible limit to their supply.

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If you appropriate them for your benefit, you are taking something which might have benefited someone else — today or at some time in the future. In the case of timber, for example, your activities may not only reduce the supply of trees, but also cause soil erosion and floods, injuring other people not remotely connected with your enterprise. In such a case the community surely has a right to regulate your activities and perhaps share in your benefits.

Wealth which is created by nature or by the community as a whole is what I mean by commonwealth. So far as commonwealth is concerned the problem is really one of conservation, in other words, precisely the opposite to that of wealth created by skill, ingenuity and effort. I believe that a clear distinction between these two kinds of wealth will do a great deal to clarify our political and economic thinking. If such a distinction had been made by our legislators three or four years ago, as it was by Henry George, fifty years ago, they would not have perpetrated the capital gains tax which discourages the creation of property instead of penalizing the exploitation of commonwealth.

Property can be acquired by an individual in three ways: it can be created; it can be inherited; and it can be purloined from other individuals, or from the community. This last is the only way by which commonwealth is converted into property. It is proper that insofar as possible all methods of purloining shall be prohibited so that one individual shall not have the opportunity of taking advantage of another or of the community, but there is always a risk that regulations designed to prevent purloining will result in discouraging the creation of wealth. It is even possible that the robber barons of the nineteenth century, in all their wickedness, cost the com-

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munity less than the reformers of the twentieth century.

Perhaps it is a question of emphasis. We have, in recent times, placed the greater emphasis on attempts to discourage purloining, whereas it might be more logical to encourage the creation of wealth first and worry about its fair distribution afterwards. Possibly one reason for the wrongly placed emphasis is that it is easier to envision and establish regulations than their opposite. The creation of wealth, like the creation of everything else, requires a spark of something which defies comprehension and description.

Thorstein Veblen made some attempts to explain the forces which induce men to create wealth. He described two contradictory instincts which have a good deal to do with explaining human behavior. One is the instinct of invidious comparison, the desire to stand out from the crowd. The other is the creative impulse, the urge to do useful work. Both combine to play an important part in the production of wealth. There seems to be a small number of individuals in whom these two instincts are peculiarly strong, but all organizers and managers of business possess them both to a greater degree than the average run of mankind.

Profit is the prize of enterprise. Most business men regard profits in almost exactly the same way that children regard blue ribbons in horse shows or potato races. The reformers in Washington have forgotten their youth. For them there is no thrill in life. They say grudgingly that the business man must be allowed his profits as a disillusioned parent might say to his children playing prisoners' base: "We will give the winner a blue ribbon, but you are really doing this for exercise."

Business men are probably naive, a little childish. They love the excitement of success. Important execu-

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tives get a kick out of buying Venetian blinds for their windows and devising trick telephone systems for their desks. They enjoy business men's lunches and dinners where cocktails are drunk and stories told. They usually hate detail work and dread the time that must be devoted to preparing or approving tax forms and defending themselves against government investigations. But in their strange, childish way, they create wealth. They build transcontinental railroads and plan transoceanic airplane routes. They produce cheap automobiles, rayon dresses, glass brick houses, world fairs. They want profit — the badge of success — as much as politicians want to win elections and women want silver fox capes, and baseball players want to win the world series. Silly, isn't it?

Modern psychology teaches that children and animals respond more adequately to coaxing than to scolding, but our government applies the methods of a pre-Dickens schoolmaster to our business men and then wonders why they sulk and why the stock market, the barometer of their emotions, collapses. Granted that a clear line should be drawn between commonwealth and property, that the former should be conserved for the benefit of the community, present and future, and all methods of purloining either commonwealth or other men's property should be discouraged, yet the fact remains that the really vital problem is to establish the conditions which will result in an increase in the production of property. What are those conditions?

The first is the blue ribbon and silver cup. Remember Thorstein Veblen's "invidious impulse." Remember your horse shows, dog shows, baby shows, golf matches, spelling bees and three legged races. Children want prizes and so do grown up men and women. I believe that most

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business men would work as hard for blue ribbons as they do for money. Napoleon discovered that a man would risk his life for a chance to win a *lègion d'honneur*.

The second is peace. It is obvious that men are unlikely to incur debts, build factories, and establish elaborate organizations if they fear that war is impending. This is an extremely serious problem today when there are actual wars in progress, both in Europe and Asia, and danger of war in South America and Africa. An adequate navy and no entangling alliances appears to be the answer, but this may be over-simplification of an intricate problem. Perhaps the world needs a policeman as much as any village. During the period of greatest world prosperity from 1814 to 1914, England policed the world. The League of Nations, having no power, failed as a successor. Until there is one, there may be no lasting peace.

A third requirement is a high degree of confidence in the value of promises. Practically all business consists of making promises. A worker exchanges his labor for a promise of pay to be received at the end of a week or a month; when he receives his pay check he is apt to exchange it for a bank's promise to pay on demand; if his standing in the community is established he obtains groceries and dry goods in exchange for promises to pay at his earliest convenience. Small houses and large factories are built by obtaining funds from investors in exchange for promises to return these funds, with interest, at stated intervals. Even governments exist by virtue of their promises, though history teaches that in the long run governments usually break their promises. Since economic circumstances are as whimsical as the weather, a certain percentage of all promises must be broken but if the community falls into the habit of taking its promises lightly, the time is sure to come when factories are not

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built, banks become insolvent, workers can find no work and government is destroyed by revolution.

A fourth requirement for an increasing rate in the production of wealth is a stable currency. There is no doubt that much injustice is incurred if symbols of measurement remain stable in a world where everything else gyrates, but the consequences of variable measures are apt to be even more devastating. How can houses be built from blueprints laid out in feet and inches if there is doubt regarding the dimensions of a foot or an inch?

Let us suppose that you decide to make glass bricks. You must raise capital, build a factory and develop an organization. It will be several years before there are profits and even then only if your factory did not cost too much, if your operation of it is efficient, and your sales force aggressive. If to the usual hazards of business there are added the uncertainties of a fluctuating currency, it would be folly to start at all.

A fifth requirement might be described as just laws justly administered. Laws must not discriminate against employers or employes, white men or colored, Republicans or Democrats, rich or poor. When laws are unjust, judges biased, and public officials corrupt, intelligent men are not inclined to assume debts and responsibility and capital is apt to seek safety and liquidity rather than to incur the risks of speculative investment. The distinction between commonwealth and property should be clearly drawn, but once this has been established, property should be carefully protected by law. John Locke wrote in his *Second Treatise on Government*, "The great and chief end, therefore, of men uniting into commonwealths, and putting themselves under government, is the preservation of their property; to which in the state of nature there are many things wanting." Men must be assured of

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their just rewards. If they are afraid of the depredations of racketeers or of ruthless government competition, they will not start new ventures or expand those already in existence.

A sixth requirement is reasonable taxation. Business is a hazardous undertaking. It is not too far fetched to compare it to roulette and to suggest that government is the croupier and taxation, the zero and double-zero. Add a triple-zero and the odds become too outrageous to warrant playing at all.

Most property is created by farmers, manufacturers, or builders. They may be described as the primary producers of wealth, but they call on the assistance of a secondary group who finance, transport and distribute the production of the first group. It may be argued that there must be a market, but it appears to me self-evident that consumption follows production rather than vice versa. As an example, the Ford Motor Company by producing cheap automobiles created a demand for them and also for good roads, which in turn widened the demand for autos and gasoline which produced the revenues with which to build more roads. Again, the perfection of reasonably reliable airplanes brought into being air transport companies, which widened the demand for airplanes as well as airports. The perfection of radio receiving sets created the demand for radio broadcasting which in turn widened the demand for radio sets.

If it is true that supply creates demand, it follows that the purchasing power theory, so dear to the President and to certain of his close advisers, is a fallacy. It begins to look as though this were so since, today, there is nothing to show for the twenty billion dollars of "purchasing power" which have been pumped into our economic system in the last four years. Such a sum should have

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greatly increased the demand for goods: factories should be humming and unemployment declining, business should be scrambling to satisfy the demand. But apparently the changed and changeable nature of the dollar, the continuing deficits, the oppressive tax laws, the emphasis on reform, have had the opposite effect. Today the rate of production of wealth is declining and, unless this is halted and reversed, no matter what hourly rates the CIO, backed by the National Labor Relations Board or even by federal wage-hour legislation, may secure for its members, the purchasing power of wages is bound to decline.

Since it is politically desirable to please the many at the expense of the few, it is natural to find politicians favoring unskilled labor at the expense of skilled labor and office workers. They should be reminded that two thousand years ago Jesus said: "For he that hath to him shall be given and he that hath not from him shall be taken even that which he hath."

This brutal economic fact is true today as it was then: attempts to change it defeat themselves. The present trend of labor legislation is one of the causes of the declining rate of production of wealth. Skilled and white collar workers are the men who might themselves become the proprietors of small businesses, the organizers of new ventures, the creators of the kind of supply which creates demand. By penalizing them for the benefit of unskilled labor, their chances of saving, of setting out in business for themselves are diminished, a potential rise in the standard of living for all is aborted.

Real enrichment for the masses lies in the direction of lower prices rather than of higher wage rates. It is not enough for prices to remain stable, they should constantly decline. If the nation's food supply can be success-

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fully produced at low prices by efficiently managed, mechanized farms, marginal farm land should be either abandoned and returned to the nation's supply of commonwealth or devoted to subsistence farming or part subsistence farming for those who have some other form of livelihood, such as part time work in a decentralized factory system. The demand for food is limited by the capacity of the world's stomachs, but the demand for other goods is unlimited. A freed, revitalized industry will absorb the surplus workers, and nothing else can, or ever will.

If the American people find more amusement in commissions than in circuses, let Congress establish a supercommission to begin where the National Resources Committee left off and not only measure and record the nation's wealth, but divide it into its two component parts, commonwealth and property. From then on the regulatory activities of government might be devoted to conserving the commonwealth so that the energies of its citizens could be released for reproducing and multiplying their property. It is not the quantity nor value of wealth in existence that matters but the rate of production of new wealth. A community might possess a thousand cows and a million chickens, but how long could it survive if the cows stopped giving milk and the chickens stopped laying eggs? Remember the wisdom of the fable: it was a foolish old woman who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

J. P.

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Parents Go on Strike

K. D. KINGSLEY

TODAY'S greatest strike is not in the automobile plants or the steel mills, not in any of our highly centralized industries, but in the only remaining great household pursuit — reproduction. Parents and could-be parents in America and several other countries are striking against unsatisfactory procreative conditions. Armed with birth-control, an important tactical instrument enabling them to reproduce or not reproduce as they wish, they are standing their ground. It is really a sit-down strike, because they are occupying the establishment (the home) and yet are not performing its function. This strike, scarcely noticed at present, is likely in the end to be the most important in history. Already a few nations are trying to break it in one way or another, but without success. Other nations, mainly those outside the sphere of European civilization, such as Japan, are free from birth-strike trouble but are suffering instead from an overproduction of babies. These look upon the procreative walk-out in Europe and America with mingled curiosity and hope.

The figures in this stupendous strike tell their own story. In practically all western countries the birth-rate has been steadily declining for an entire century. Whereas prior to 1850 most countries had enjoyed the extremely high annual rate of thirty to forty babies per thousand inhabitants, by 1920 most of these rates had dropped to twenty-five or less, and since 1920 there has been an unusually sharp drop, in some cases the number now being no more than thirteen or fourteen. We find, for example, that England and Wales had a birth rate of around thirty-

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four per thousand until 1885. From that time the rate has diminished constantly until in 1933 it hit the very low figure of 14.4, and in 1935 still stood at only 14.7. Germany's rate dwindled from 39.2 in 1885 to 14.7 in 1933, but has since risen slightly to 18.9 in 1935. In the United States as far back as 1875 mothers gave us around thirty-seven babies per thousand persons, but in 1935 they gave us less than seventeen. Obviously the strike among parents has not been complete. It has been more of an IWW "ca' canny" policy than a full walk-out. But it has nevertheless crippled our reproductive industry by more than fifty per cent of its previous output.

This in itself would be nothing to worry about. Indeed many persons, especially militant birth-controllers, see no problem in the falling birth-rate. But specialists in population have been pointing out for years that the present rate of procreation in northwestern Europe, Australia, America, and in fact wherever white civilization has reached its zenith, is not sufficient to maintain the existing numbers. If this is true it constitutes a genuine problem for the western world.

A strange thing, not commonly known, is that a people may for the moment maintain or even enhance its numbers with an annual excess of births over deaths, and yet be actually failing to reproduce itself. To understand how this paradoxical condition arises we must ascertain not how many babies are born per thousand inhabitants, but how many are born per woman in the child-bearing age. Since the age composition of a population can change (mainly as a result of past reproductive rates), it follows that the proportion of women of childbearing age may be large or small. If large, there may be more births than deaths even though each woman has very few children. But later this numerous body of women ages beyond the

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fertile period, swells the ranks of the old and increases the death-rate. Deaths may then exceed births.

This becomes clearer if we concentrate, as Kuczynski and others have done, upon the average number of *girl*-babies born to a woman living through the child-bearing age. These girl babies are the future mothers who in turn will give birth to still another generation of girl-babies. If on the average women are failing to bear enough girl-babies to replace themselves later on, they are failing to reproduce the population. If, for example, the average woman passing the age of forty-five has borne only one-half of a female child, this means that for every hundred such women there will be, in the coming generation, only fifty women to replace them. Under such conditions the population is bound to decrease.

During the last half century the average number of female babies born per woman has declined sharply. Fifty years ago, in western and northern Europe as a whole, about two hundred and ten girls were born to one hundred women passing through the child-bearing age. But by 1933 the figure had fallen to ninety girls born to each one hundred women. The same is roughly true of the United States.

But we should bear in mind another aggravating factor. Even though one hundred women gave birth during their lifetime to one hundred females, these latter would not entirely replace them — because some of the girl babies would die before reaching, and others during, the childbearing age. Hence, in order to insure the maintenance of the population, the average woman must give birth to more than one girl baby. This fact makes the actual figures seem all the more sinister. We can state categorically that in Austria, Germany, Sweden, England, France, Finland, Denmark, Hungary, Australia and

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New Zealand, the number of girls born per woman is insufficient to maintain the population. Statistics are not equally available for the United States, but the same ominous conclusion is probably true here as well.

Why, then, do we have the illusion that our birth-rate is sufficiently high to maintain the population? Primarily because, at present, most of the countries mentioned, including the United States, have growing populations in spite of the low number of births per individual woman. The secret, as indicated above, lies in the age distribution. Because we have had a high birth-rate in the past, there are now many people who are in the reproductive age. Naturally, even though most of these persons have comparatively few offspring, the total number of children is great enough to give us an increase in numbers.

But this false paradise cannot last forever. Gradually the huge number of people in the childbearing age will grow older. They will not be entirely replaced by those who come after them. Already the number of children is diminishing. In 1934 there were nine per cent fewer children under five years of age in the United States than in 1930, and seven per cent fewer in the age group 5 to 10. The following passage is from O. E. Baker's study of population and the national welfare, published by the United States Department of Agriculture.

> With urbanization the nation is becoming middle-aged, and the prospect is that old age will creep upon it prematurely — only twenty-five to fifty years hence. During the next quarter century there should be the strength of middle-age, and then, unless the birth-rate rises, or there is heavy immigration from abroad, a decline will set in. No nation can suffer such a decrease in births to continue as that during the last decade — over twenty per cent — and not suffer the decline in strength that accompanies a rapid aging of the population.

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As the proportion of aged persons rises, the fruit of the present low birth-rates will be reaped, for the population will begin actually to decline. The number of persons born will be less than the number who die — for the latter will have multiplied enormously.

The process is more advanced in England than in this country. It has been reliably estimated that, even if present fertility does not diminish further, the English population will reach its peak in 1943 and will then begin to decline, falling to 38,500,000 by 1975 and to 20,000,000 in 2035. But if fertility should continue to fall as it has done during the last decade, it would fall to 31,400,000 by 1975, and to 4,400,000 by 2035. In other words, in less than a century, the number would have shrunk to about half the population of greater London today. For the United States it has been predicted that by 1950 our numbers will reach 136,000,000 and will then fall to 126,000,000 by 1980; but this prediction rests upon the assumption that the birth-rate will stop declining at a certain point. If we assume that it will continue descending indefinitely, we get a result very similar to the second English estimate.

In the balance of births and deaths it is the birth-rate that counts. It comes first and sets the pace, the death-rate, which ultimately equals it, coming second. A generation can potentially reduce births to zero, but it cannot eliminate death. It is impossible to imagine our continuing to compensate for a declining birth-rate with lower mortality rates. The limits to which we can go in prolonging and saving life are unfortunately rather narrow at present. We have learned how to save the lives of infants and how to keep people alive through middle age. But we have learned little about prolonging life once the age of sixty has been reached. Ninety years ago only three-

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eighths of the newly born reached the age of sixty; now two-thirds of them do — but those who reach sixty now have practically the same expectation of life as those reaching this age a century ago. All things considered, we cannot indefinitely compensate for a low birth-rate with a low death-rate. In a young population the number of deaths is bound to rise after a few years, and if the number of births is already low, the population will dwindle.

So much for the facts. We can now ask who and what is responsible for the tumbling birth-rate. Of the many theories propounded, some are absurd on the face of it, others obviously incomplete. Some have asserted, for example, that a given nation's capacity to reproduce varies from one era to the next because of a mysterious biological cycle. A period of high fertility, according to this Italian view, is followed by a period of low fertility, not because of social conditions or human motives and desires, but because of biological changes in the racial germ plasm. This preposterous theory appears to explain the obscure by the still more obscure, the term "race" camouflaging something that is not biological at all, namely a *nationality*. It would seem much more sensible to talk in terms we know something about, namely, human motives, human techniques, and human conditions.

If parents have gone on strike they must have had reason for doing so. Not even capitalists believe that laborers strike for no reason at all. It would be equally foolish to think that parents strike for no reason at all.

Unfortunately we think about social matters, for the most part, in medieval terms. Whenever something goes wrong we explain it in terms of the Devil. We have, for example, a devil theory of war — the devil being the nation that happens to be fighting us. We still have a devil theory of depressions — the bankers, the Republi-

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can party, or the stingy consumer playing the malevolent role. Similarly there are those among us who blame the birth-strike on the evil machinations of birth-control propagandists.

It is true that unceasing agitation for contraception, pushed with religious zeal by gifted advocates from Francis Place to Margaret Sanger and identified with the powerful women's rights movement, has disturbed England and America for practically a century. It is true that during this time the practice, as a scientific technique, has spread over the civilized world. It is true, finally, that contraception is the instrument by which people now voluntarily limit the size of their families. But to attribute the use of this instrument to the instrument itself, or to its advocacy, is to put the cart before the horse. First we must ask why the sudden appearance of this birth-control propaganda, and why its acceptance? The propaganda *against* contraception has been just as powerful as that for it. Even the law has been on the side of the opposition. Why, then, has the contraceptive movement succeeded? If in spite of legal proscription and religious taboo people go on using contraceptive devices and resorting to abortionists, it is not because of the devilish propensities of those who advocate these practices, but because of the social conditions affecting the physically capable.

Modern life is so organized that there is no longer any advantage in having children. At one time there were all kinds of advantages, but now, apart from the pleasure of children's company, there are practically none. City life has taken the place of village and farm life. Rapid movement, not only across land and sea but also up and down the social ladder, has displaced social stability. And industrialism, as the main mode of economic production, has replaced agriculture. The effect of these changes

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upon the family, which is the institution supposed to perform the function of procreation, has been disorganizing. Having lost most of its functions, the family no longer ties in with the whole of life the way it once did.

In the stable rural society of the past kinship ties were strong. The most important people in one's milieu were kinsmen, the center of one's activities was the busy homestead, and the determinant of one's status was the natal family. Since husband, wife, and children all helped out in the multifarious tasks of farming, economic production was a family affair. Thus the family, or at most the extended group of kinsmen, formed a miniature society in itself, governing the individual's entire life-organization. Typical of this kind of familistic social system was the bold peasant régime of Europe, described so brilliantly by Thomas and Znaniecki in their four-volume work on *The Polish Peasant in Europe and America*. But still more complete familistic systems existed in old China and old Japan, where even religion was mainly a family matter. The Chinese system, inimitably described in Nora Waln's *The House of Exile*, represented perhaps the highest degree of familism attainable. Here, as in other places, it was plain that there are two outstanding characteristics of familism. First, whether at its height as in the Orient or partially modified as in feudal Europe, familism can flourish only in a static, rural society. Second, it places a great value on children.

In a familistic system children are assets. Economically they constitute the only form of old-age insurance, and they can perform profitably many simple tasks of farm and household production (as anyone can testify who has watched children of six and seven chop cotton, peel fruit, or water stock). Socially they give their parents prestige, because a person is not regarded within the kin group as

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fully mature, or sometimes fully married, until he has children. Spiritually they represent great value, because the religion (especially if it gives prominence to ancestor worship) attaches extreme importance to the continuance of the family line. In short, where the family is the essential unit in society and kinship bonds are consequently strong, the perpetuation of the family line through procreation becomes inherently necessary. Procreation therefore seems a sacred duty, a moral obligation, as well as an economic gain and social asset.

Our present mobile industrial urbanism, on the other hand, minimizes the importance of family relations in a person's life and hence destroys the motivation for performing the family's main function — the procreation of offspring. In our crowded cities each extra room costs money, and each extra child annoys one's neighbors that much more. There is no space for children to play or work. Our industries, having already taken the economic functions out of the home, proffer an infinite number of attractive ways of spending money in competition with the huge financial outlay which children now represent. The choice between a Ford and a baby is usually made in favor of the Ford. But in addition to their own wants, parents have raised their standards of what children should have. If they refuse to have children it is frequently because they know they could not rear their offspring as they should be reared. The higher the parents' social position the more it costs to rear the child appropriately. Thus is explained the apparent paradox that, though people limit their family size because of low income, the more money they have the fewer children they bear. The fact is that in our society no matter what the social level of the family, children are an economic burden to a greater extent than ever before. They are a competing

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element in a rising, more variegated standard of living. As one author puts it, "The single man with no dependents is not a little better off than a man with a wife and four children. He is about six times better off."

Since the home has yielded to the factory as the integration point of economic functions, it has split up the family group into so many independent individuals. Wife and husband are tied together only by affection. Both have contacts, and often jobs, outside the home. The children are in the hands of outside agencies to a great extent. As the bonds of the entire group weaken, the sentiment for children itself weakens.

If, then, the whole character of modern society makes children a burden and a handicap, it would seem to be this fact and not birth-control propaganda which is responsible for the shortage of babies. The devil theory must be thrown overboard. We cannot blame parents. They did not create our present mode of life; they were born into it. In fact we cannot blame anyone. Like most other things that happen to human beings in the aggregate, the present sit-down strike among parents springs from forces of which we have little knowledge and still less control. It springs from those same forces which have brought forth modern civilization, which have caused us to evolve out of the familistic feudal age.

In a sense married people are striking for higher wages. Society calls upon them to perform one of its most important tasks, and yet they are now penalized rather than rewarded for performing this task. They have then every right to quit work, to strike. They must force society to recognize and reward them commensurately with the service they render.

Society manifests itself today in the form of the nationalist state. In this form it cannot help coming to terms

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with parents. The life of a nation is just as dependent upon the procreative work of its citizens as that of a factory upon the productive efforts of its employes. Whether democratic, totalitarian, or communistic, modern states cannot, above all, tolerate a decreasing population. They cannot, in the eternally strained international situation, afford to have empty colonies which other nations will envy (as Japan envies Australia), and if they wish colonies they must justify themselves by pointing to population pressure at home (as Italy justifies her Ethiopian conquest). Countries which neither have nor want colonies (such as Czechoslovakia) still must maintain their manpower at home or see themselves threatened economically and belligerently. And the only way to maintain or enhance the population is through an adequate birth-rate. Immigration will not do, because the immigrant brings not only his body but also his culture with him. He brings his national ideals and prejudices and often remains a complete alien, especially now that states are cultivating in their émigrés the idea that no matter where they go they will always owe their first allegiance to the homeland.

Population worries may appear irrational, and indeed they may be couched in the most irrational of racial and political philosophies, but nonetheless there can be seen a certain necessity in the situation of all countries involved in the intense international competition of Asia and Europe. No country is in the least free from population anxiety. If it thinks it is free it is mistaken. Every nation, no matter how unpretentious, must contend with states that have an increasing population and hence an increasing demand for land and raw materials. These growing states will not respect forever the property rights of nations declining in natural resources. National con-

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cern over population is unavoidable, and national control of reproduction inevitable. The more ambitious countries, such as Nazi Germany, already have elaborate measures in operation, and their scientists are devoting themselves to careful calculations of present and future manpower in their own and other countries. Following is a summary of a recent book (Burgdörfer, *Volk-und Wehrkaft*) which appeared in Germany:

> 1. Population development and defensive strength. The biological deficit and the impending decline of the population. Recent changes in the age composition. The change in birth-rates in relation to the basis of selecting recruits in the past and in the future. The numerical strength of age groups subject to military service. The necessity for a sufficient rate of reproduction to maintain national power.
> 2. War and race. The effects of the system of defense on the development of population before the World War and their effects on reproduction rates.

And here are the titles of two typical articles: *Number of Births and Defensive Ability: A Comparison between Several European Countries. Population Policy and Defensive Ability.*

As long as there remains one ambitious nation in the world, let no one think that national concern over population is silly. In the present birth strike, several states, notably Germany, Italy and France, are taking positive steps to reach a solution.

Like most factory owners when threatened with a strike, modern nations tend first of all to use moral suasion. Endlessly through press, radio and cinema propaganda, parents are told that it is their *duty* to have children. They are requested to be "loyal," "patriotic," "hopeful." They are appealed to in terms of national sentiment, religious dogma, and social welfare. Married persons who refuse to have children, or single persons

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who refuse to marry, are the butt of official contumely. In an Italian book, for instance, the latter are called "avaricious egotists" and "poisoners of society." Mussolini himself has called the use of birth-control "mere gymnastic love."

But appeal to sentiment alone is scarcely ever successful, not simply because material considerations are stronger, but because propaganda is a two-edged sword. The strikers and their sympathizers can appeal to justice and arouse public emotion over the plight of poor parents, and advocate something besides moral diatribes.

When moral suasion fails, however, the use of force begins. Modern nations, like many a factory owner with labor, have resorted to force to compel reproduction. They have forbidden by law the practice of abortion and the sale or transmission of contraceptive apparatus or information. This is like forbidding employes to organize, picket, or demonstrate. In 1926 Italy passed a law punishing with one thousand dollars fine and one year solitary confinement any woman securing an abortion. In 1932 a new clause was added making it illegal for drugstores to stock or list any contraceptive appliances.

Such repressive measures, however, seem incapable of forcing parents to tend to their procreative duties. These measures admit the widespread desire to limit offspring; yet instead of trying to alter their desire by changing the conditions under which parents labor they merely try to repress the means by which the desire is realized. But the means in this case are exceedingly diverse and ineradicable. No law has yet been successful in abolishing *coitus interruptus*, abstention, douching, or the rhythm method. Such laws, if passed, would be merely foolish reminders of the ineptitude of the legal regulation of sexual intimacy.

If these efforts to persuade or force parents to return to

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work will not succeed, what is needed apparently is some effort that will strike at the heart of the matter, that will change the adverse circumstances under which parents struggle. The demands of striking parents must be met.

Some recognition of parents' claims has already appeared. It takes the form of pecuniary reward for having children. All kinds of prizes, tax exemptions, annuities, bonuses, and allowances are being offered by one country or another. Almost every day the newspapers carry a new account of some financial scheme by which marriages will be subsidized and child-birth rewarded. Italy, a Catholic country where presumably celibacy is the noblest condition, places an extra tax on bachelors and gives an exemption to heads of large families. The marriage loan system instituted by Germany in 1933 is well known. To each qualified couple the government grants a loan in the form of coupons which may be exchanged at shops for certain kinds of household goods — furniture, linens, kitchen utensils, radios. The loan can be repaid at the exceedingly low rate of one per cent per month, beginning two months after the loan is made. The birth of a child, however, cancels one-fourth of the original loan, so that if four children are born to the couple within the first few years of married life they need not pay back the loan. Germany also gives preference to heads of families in filling jobs and exemption from inheritance taxes. Moreover, in selected cases, certain large cities "sponsor" third and fourth children. The parents of these children receive twenty marks per month for the support of each child until the age of fourteen, and are honored by precedence in applying for jobs, flats, or tickets. The children themselves receive favor in educational channels and are expected to fill governmental positions when mature.

Even better known is the family allowance system of

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France. As early as 1854 the factory of Monsieur Hamel instituted a Family Fund to reduce the economic hardships of the man with a family. There were other isolated instances of private industries or government departments instituting a family allowance — that is an amount paid in addition to the worker's wage and in proportion to the number of his children. But the real movement began during the War when rising prices made it increasingly hard for the married man with children to maintain a decent standard of living. By the end of the War practically all lower-grade government officials were entitled to a family allowance, and at the same time industry was pushing the scheme. To avoid the temptation of individual plants to save the cost of allowances by hiring bachelors, equalization funds were set up. These were simply pools contributed by all the plants in a given region or in one type of manufacturing. Up until 1932 the whole system was voluntary for industry, but in that year the French government passed an act making the plan compulsory for the whole country. It has been calculated that workers in the lower wage brackets in industries now covered by the department funds get a four to five per cent increase in income for each child. This is not enough, however, to pay the cost of rearing children.

Belgium also has a compulsory family allowance scheme somewhat resembling the French system. But in most European countries having allowances at all the plan is limited to civil employes. In England, despite the existence of the Family Endowment Society which has long advocated legislative action on the matter, no scheme has been adopted, although it is probable that in the future the dangerously low birth-rate may bring about a change of attitude. The United States, the home

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of laissez faire, of course has scarcely thought of the possibility; but there are a few private organizations, such as Wells College, the Columbia Conserve Company of Indianapolis, and foreign missionary societies, which pay more to married than to single men.

The family allowance idea was originally conceived for the purpose of remedying an unjust inequality between family heads and bachelors. More and more, however, it has been advocated as a means of increasing the birth-rate. Yet, in France and elsewhere there is no certain indication that it has even arrested the decline in the birth-rate, much less brought an increase. The reason probably is that the allowances are all inadequate.

Although neither the appeal to moral duty, the use of force, nor the offer of financial reward has succeeded in raising the birth-rate, although Germany, France and Italy (the three countries with the most aggressive population policies) still show a rate below replacement in the first two cases and a steadily declining rate in the last case, it may be said, I think, that official measures will continue to appear and will spread to nations which do not now have them. It also seems true that of the three kinds of measures now extant, the financial reward for parents is the most hopeful. Let us, then, investigate its implications for the future course of population.

It is commonly admitted that the present pecuniary measures are all inadequate if they intend to compensate people for bearing and rearing offspring. In some cases it would seem that the amount given per child is ridiculous, being about enough to pay for the soap and hot water which modern hygiene demands. But there is a deeper criticism than this. Simple lack of money is not the sole reason for voluntary childlessness. We know this from the fact that people with higher incomes have

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smaller families. The essential thing is that in our class society, with a great deal of circulation up and down the social scale, children are (at almost any level) a hindrance to social climbing. Poverty is relative to social position. A person may have a ten thousand dollar income and still be too poor to rear five children in the manner he would like. Only at the bottom, where people have insufficient foresight and little hope of climbing, may the hindering effect of children in this respect be disregarded.

But waiving aside the difficulties that class differences create, let us carry the pecuniary policy to its logical conclusion. Let us suppose that an *adequate* economic return were paid to parents for having children. The sum would be, even assuming an average standard of living, tremendous. Basing their estimate on a family income of $2500, Dublin and Lotka figure that the parents spend between $9,180 and $10,485, or roughly four years of their economic life, in rearing a child through the age of eighteen. On the basis of these figures we can see that, to cover the annual cash expenditures made on children, the United States would have to spend around twenty-four billion dollars, or more than six times the total governmental expenditure in 1930. This seems like a huge sum, and neither the United States nor any other country is likely to assume such a burden, especially since the state already spends a considerable amount on children. But the point is that *at least* this amount would be required if effective economic payment for children were given. I say "at least" because the Dublin and Lotka figures cover merely cash expenditures. They do not cover such things as the labor of the mother. We know, however, that children cause more work for the mother, frequently keep her from entering gainful employment or having a career, cause inconveniences in travel, recrea-

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tion and apartment living. All these things are difficult and pointless to estimate in cash, but they are, along with the desire for social advancement, powerful forces against the wish for children. An exclusively pecuniary reward for procreation would have to be large enough to overcome these forces — unless, of course, we assume that the intrinsic emotional value of children is great enough to overcome them. But it is dangerous to place much reliance upon the intrinsic emotional value of children to parents. Undoubtedly they do have such value. Yet only one or two children (sometimes canary birds or goldfish) will satisfy the desire for them. Today, for example, we have the fashionable family of two children, and people who have more are considered a little stupid. But because many couples are involuntarily sterile or for other reasons childless, it takes numerous families of five and six to maintain the population.

One great fear is that if the government paid out really adequate sums to recompense people for having children many persons at the bottom of the social scale (and probably others) would find this a delightfully easy way of earning a livelihood. This would be bad not only eugenically, according to some authors, but it would tend to create a professional class of child-rearers. Perhaps the state would then demand the right, if it paid people to have children, of insisting upon certain qualifications. Partly in the interest of getting better children, partly for the purpose of cutting the tremendous cost, it could command that persons who live by rearing children must prove their fitness, take training and become efficient at their job. Thus, by a gradual evolution unanticipated at the beginning, there might develop a system in which the father's role is assumed by the state, the mother's role by professional women paid by the state for their services.

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This would satisfy those authors who have been demanding that motherhood be made a vocation in the modern economy. The birth strike would then become a real economic weapon in the hands of a real economic group. Feminism could enjoy an effective recrudescence, for women, as producers of an essential and scarce commodity, could dictate their own terms. But such a system would mean the destruction of the family as we know it. A new kind of reproductive organization compatible with modern civilization would have been substituted.

The birth strike instituted by present-day parents has therefore placed the modern nation in a dilemma. The state can hardly force parents to have more children, and in view of the present circumstances of parenthood it can scarcely make an effective moral appeal. On the other hand if it pays them for having children the result may ultimately prove to be both costly and, from the present point of view, morally undesirable. The great question is, will the state, goaded by international competition, eventually throw overboard its moral scruples and abolish the private family? Probably not, but it may do so unintentionally by inaugurating policies whose ultimate effects it cannot foresee. We do know, however, that the modern state, capable of establishing a close emotional bond with its citizens through radio, press, and cinema, is inimical to the private family in many ways. If it finds it impossible to settle the strike and secure adequate reproduction through families, it will secure reproduction in some other way.

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Have We Bonds with the British?

QUINCY HOWE

LIVINGSTON HARTLEY'S article, *Our Bonds with the British* in the Spring, 1938, issue of *The North American Review* establishes a happy precedent in the literature of Anglo-American apologetics. Its author is the first man within living memory to avoid false sentiment and hypocrisy while advocating closer ties between the two great English-speaking nations. Unlike such dreamers as Nicholas Murray Butler, Thomas W. Lamont, James T. Shotwell, and Walter Lippmann, Mr. Hartley devotes primary attention to the material advantages to be derived from Anglo-American understanding.

About a year ago I embarked on a different task and tried to smoke out the conventional Anglophiles by insulting them as roundly as I knew how. Under the flip title of *England Expects Every American To Do His Duty* I wrote a book whose chief purpose was to remove the discussion from the atmosphere that infests an English-Speaking Union dinner. Whether my book encouraged Mr. Hartley to write his article I do not know; I do know that his article prompts me to substitute reason for invective and to bring the issues up to date.

The tone of Mr. Hartley's article and his former post in the State department make him a frank if not an official spokesman for the real aims of President Roosevelt's foreign policy. Mr. Hartley does not deny that the Roosevelt policy is essentially pro-British; indeed he rather glories in it for that reason. He also argues the case for a pro-British American foreign policy on logical and practical grounds.

"The high-ceilinged rooms of the State department,"

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he says in his opening paragraph, "contain very few officials who do not believe that a stronger Britain will benefit the national interests of the United States." Agreed—at least for the purpose of this discussion. But in the light of recent events what hope is there for this "stronger Britain" that Mr. Hartley and the officials of the State department desire?

When President Roosevelt delivered his famous Chicago speech calling for a quarantine of aggressors, the entire Anglo-American cheering section applauded. Alfred M. Landon and Henry L. Stimson, the *New York Times* and Secretary Hull rallied behind the President. Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain and Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden agreed that it was "a clarion call." But neither Chamberlain nor Eden showed themselves willing to follow up the President's appeal with a strong policy along the lines he had defined. At the Brussels Conference Mr. Eden confined himself to the emptiest kind of generalities and within a few months Mr. Chamberlain was trying to dicker with the very aggressors whom Mr. Roosevelt invited him to quarantine.

Those Americans who had praised the Chicago speech thereupon attacked Mr. Chamberlain's hypocrisy and cowardice. Having been accused of extreme anti-British bias I am amused to find my accusers turning on Mr. Chamberlain far more savagely than I have ever turned upon any Englishman. I can therefore only repeat in connection with the present British Prime Minister precisely the same point I made in connection with his predecessor whose foreign policy Mr. Chamberlain is continuing intact. That point has nothing to do with democracy, collective security, or quarantining aggressors. It is that any British statesman, whether his name be Baldwin, Chamberlain, or Eden, is defending a lost cause.

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It is true that Mr. Eden parted company with Mr. Chamberlain in February, 1938, when the latter refused to stand up to either of the two Fascist dictators. But until Mr. Eden resigned from the Cabinet he had followed exactly the same conciliatory line that Mr. Chamberlain still pursues in the face of repeated acts of Fascist aggression. Mr. Eden refused to apply oil sanctions against Italy or to close the Suez canal to Italian troop and supply ships in 1936. He supported the hypocritical Non-Intervention Committee in Spain because, in his own words, he again preferred "peace at almost any price."

With this policy I have no quarrel; I simply point out that it is the policy of the lesser evil which becomes, in time, the policy of the greater evil. In 1931, for example, the British Foreign Office gave its tacit support to Japan's invasion of Manchuria. This did not mean that the British welcomed the prospect of a greater Japan dominating eastern Asia; it simply meant that at the time a Japanese conquest of Manchuria seemed to be the only practical alternative to the extension of communism in China. The Nanking government had launched campaign after campaign against the communist armies of China and was so absorbed in its efforts to stamp out revolution that it had no strength and little desire to give battle to Japan. Chiang Kai-shek himself regarded the Japanese invaders as a lesser evil than those of his own fellow-countrymen who had embraced communism.

Time marched on. The Japanese not only conquered Manchuria, they swallowed Jehol Province as well. Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists began to weary of their long warfare and drew together in defense of their common fatherland. In November, 1934, General Smuts, the most important single spokesman of British imperial policy, told the Royal Institute of International Affairs

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in London that Japan had become the chief threat to British imperial interests in Asia. By 1937 the Chinese Communists forgot that they had once called Chiang Kai-shek "the running-dog of foreign imperialism" and he, in turn, was persuaded by a kidnapping party to take a stronger line toward Japan and to accept communist support. And since the outbreak of large-scale hostilities in China, the British have tended to favor the Chinese armies, Communists and all, against Japan. Whether this support will continue remains, of course, to be seen.

The same pattern repeated itself in Ethiopia and Spain. The British National Government never welcomed the prospect of Italian expansion in Africa or Spain, in the eastern or the western Mediterranean. But it relished even less the prospect of a black colonial people defeating a white imperialist power or the triumph of the Spanish Socialists, Communists, and Syndicalists at the expense of General Franco's Fascists. Therefore the British Foreign Office threw its reluctant support to the lesser evil of Fascist aggression.

Just as General Smuts in 1934 urged the British to withdraw their support from Japan in Asia, so Anthony Eden in 1938 urged his fellow cabinet officers to stop favoring Hitler and Mussolini in Europe. But Neville Chamberlain saw an even greater evil than the Fascist International. He feared that the Eden line would lead to immediate war.

Now it happens to be my personal conviction that events will prove Mr. Eden right and Mr. Chamberlain wrong, or perhaps I should say that the Chamberlain line will have to be discarded in favor of Mr. Eden's at some future time. But that is not the question here. The point at issue is whether Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Eden

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or anyone else can maintain British rule intact over one quarter of the earth's surface. Lord Halifax has certainly undergone a disappointing experience with Mr. Hitler and one not calculated to add to British prestige or British self-confidence. The experience began with the Berchtesgaden conversations. It continued when Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop visited London. It terminated when Hitler rudely took over Austria in the middle of von Ribbentrop's London sojourn. Lord Halifax's comment on the Austrian coup sums up the official British attitude. "Horrible, horrible," he moaned, holding his head in his hands as he paced the floor of the Foreign Office, "I never thought they'd do it."

But what would have been the alternative to the Chamberlain-Halifax policy? Perhaps it is true, as the supporters of collective security argue, that economic sanctions would bring Hitler and Mussolini tumbling down — or at least bring them to terms without war. Perhaps it is also true, as the military men argue, that any general war would quickly annihilate the German-Italian-Japanese combination. But Eden's policy does not totally exclude the possibility of war and even a short victorious war by no means guarantees the integrity of the British Empire. For behind Chamberlain's policy lies not only the fear of immediate war; there also lies the fear that if Britain becomes involved in any general war, however brief and however one-sided, the Empire as it exists today will be doomed.

The weakest and most disturbing feature of Mr. Hartley's case and of a great many highly-placed Americans (not to mention Britishers) who think as he does is their failure even to consider the possibility that perhaps there simply is not any policy at all that can preserve the British Empire intact. All the pleas for American

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support for Great Britain are surrounded by a veritable conspiracy of silence on the subject of whether or not the British Empire can be successfully defended. Just drop the hint to any loyal British subject — whether he happens to travel on a British or an American passport is an unimportant detail — that perhaps the British Empire is doomed beyond recall and you will be greeted by a storm of abuse, spluttering futility, or humorous evasion. And Mr. Hartley runs true to form in refusing to consider even as a remote possibility the idea that the closest kind of Anglo-American alliance may not be able to save the Empire.

Perhaps it is in order to cover up this evasion that Mr. Hartley cannot resist a brief reference to our "intangible bonds" with the British. Well, if Britain sinks into the sea we shall still have the work of Shakespeare and Milton; we shall lose only J. B. Priestley and Sir Hugh Walpole unless, as is more than likely, they are lecturing in the United States when the Empire goes under. As for the "tangible" bonds of trade and investments Mr. Hartley indulges in some very fancy mathematics. Over forty per cent of our exports go to the British Empire, he reminds us, while our imports from British-owned territories amount to more than one third of everything we buy from abroad. This sounds impressive until we remember another figure that Mr. Hartley conveniently forgets: ninety per cent of our trade is domestic. In other words Mr. Hartley is subordinating our whole foreign policy to less than five per cent of our total volume of business. Furthermore, Britain's physical dependence on many American commodities and factory products will continue whatever foreign policy we may pursue. We do not have to sign one of Mr. Hull's reciprocal treaties in order to keep most of this five per cent of our total trade.

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Mr. Hartley uses the same mathematical trick in discussing our investments in the British Empire. His total figure of $2,700,000,000 sounds like a lot of money; it is thirty-six per cent, he says, of our "world total." But this "world total" amounts to less than half of one per cent of our total national wealth which is estimated at three hundred and fifty billions. Again, as in the case of foreign trade, our foreign investments would not seem to deserve quite the importance that Mr. Hartley attaches to them nor would we automatically lose all these investments and all this trade if the cardinal aim of our foreign policy were not to underwrite the British Empire.

Furthermore, in discussing this Empire Mr. Hartley juggles words as conveniently as he juggles figures. He speaks of the affinity between the self-governing British Dominions and the United States. But suddenly the British Dominions (consisting of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa with a total population of twenty-four millions, chiefly whites) become the British Empire with a total population of over four hundred millions, chiefly colored. Perhaps the United States has much in common with the British Dominions, but this is not what Mr. Hartley says when he refers to America's "kinship of view with the *British Empire* on foreign affairs." (My italics.)

Scratch an American Anglophile and you get an American imperialist. As Mr. Hartley warms to his theme he argues that "the larger interests of the United States and the British Empire are parallel in Eastern Asia." These "larger interests" he never defines; certainly they cannot be America's infinitesimal trade with China or its tiny stake in Far Eastern investments. If "larger interests" appeal to Mr. Hartley he would do better to urge closer relations with Japan.

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When Mr. Hartley discusses the "parallel position" of the United States and Great Britain in respect to peace he loses all touch with the real world. "Both the United States and the British Empire are 'status quo' powers." The British Empire, covering as it does one quarter of the earth's surface and ruling over one quarter of the earth's inhabitants, obviously stands to lose by almost any alteration in the existing order almost anywhere on earth. The United States covers less ground and can therefore regard with indifference many changes that affect Britain vitally.

It is true that in pursuance of the policy of the lesser evil and in line with its determination to avoid war at almost any price the British Foreign Office has done nothing to prevent changes in the status quo as far as Manchuria, Ethiopia, Spain, and Austria are concerned. But the changes it has been powerless to stop in those quarters have put the nations that profited from them in a better position to challenge Britain's two really vital interests, interests for which the Foreign Office admits that Britain would have to fight. One of these is control of the sea-lanes leading to the British Isles; the other is resistance to hostile penetration of France and the Low Countries. In other words, if the naval status quo undergoes a change, especially in the northeastern Atlantic, or if the territorial status quo undergoes a change, especially in western Europe, Great Britain must go to war.

The United States also has vital interests which it would fight to protect, but these are not the same interests for which the British Empire would do battle. If Japan seized Hawaii, if Germany or Italy made one of the Latin American Republics a vassal state, if, under present conditions, the far-off Philippines were attacked,

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the United States would be bound to resist. But such threats as these also affect British interests unfavorably and Britain would therefore show at least benevolent neutrality toward any action the United States might choose to take. In short, it is not necessary for the United States to pledge assistance to Great Britain in any and every part of the world and to launch another fatal war-time boom as it did between 1914 and 1917 in order to gain British support when some vital American interest is threatened.

In bracketing the United States and Great Britain as "status quo powers" Mr. Hartley implies that both countries have an almost equal interest in resisting almost any kind of change almost anywhere on earth. The British Empire, by virtue of its world-wide ramifications, cannot remain indifferent to events in any quarter of the globe and since it is sitting on top of the world it has nowhere to go but down. The position of the United States is entirely different. It is the fashion these days to speak of the "have" and "have-not" nations and on the basis of this classification the United States and the British Empire belong in the ranks of the "have" powers. But so, for that matter, does Switzerland and yet no one claims that simply because Switzerland has no territorial ambitions it must therefore fight to uphold the status quo in eastern Asia. In like manner, the United States has no territorial ambitions, but simply because it is a larger nation than Switzerland, Mr. Hartley and others assume that Americans should intervene in European struggles which have no more bearing on their interests than the warfare in China has upon the interests of the Swiss. In any event, before the United States enters into the universal partnership with Britain that Mr. Hartley suggests, let him or somebody else bring forward a clear-cut balance-sheet

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showing exactly what material advantages the American people would stand to gain.

Until such a balance sheet makes its appearance there is but one construction that can be put upon the pleas of Mr. Hartley and other Anglophiles. The use of the words "status quo power" in connection with the United States provides the tip-off. Like a good many other countries in this disturbed century the United States faces not just another swing of the business cycle but a crisis of the system. The 1929 depression was the first depression in American history that sank to a lower level than the previous cyclical decline. The 1936–37 revival was the first revival that did not far exceed all previous periods of prosperity. One may assign the blame where one pleases but the fact remains that almost ten years after the crash of 1929 there are still more than ten million unemployed in the United States and the young people of the country — like the youth of Germany before (and after) Hitler — have not got a chance.

Three broad solutions present themselves. Two of them, Fascism and Socialism, are ruled out because no program, no leader, no organization exists to make either of them effective in the near future. Mr. Roosevelt has taken a few faltering steps along the "middle way" of social security, labor legislation, government operation of utilities, higher taxes, slum clearance, public works, but he has lagged far behind the British Tories — not to mention the Social Democrats of Scandinavia — in all these directions. Certainly no Fascist and at best a rather timid progressive, Mr. Roosevelt has chosen the only other possible solution.

It is the path of imperial expansion. Secretary Hull lays great store by foreign trade. The Big Navy program not only primes the pump; it serves notice on the world

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at large that the Roosevelt administration seeks salvation abroad. The same "economic royalists" who attacked the President's Supreme Court measures and his Reorganization bill endorse his foreign policy to the hilt — the New York *Times*, Governor Landon, James P. Warburg (who wrote *Hell Bent for Election*, but voted for Roosevelt because he liked his foreign policy), former Secretary Stimson, Walter Lippmann, Dorothy Thompson, and so on down the line. The aim of all these good people is to uphold the status quo at home and abroad and to question whether the status quo can be successfully maintained anywhere on earth is to challenge so deep a conviction, so basic an interest as to make further discussion of the subject impossible.

Now I am not arguing that Roosevelt should adopt a more radical domestic or foreign policy. I am simply insisting that the conservative supporters of Mr. Roosevelt's foreign policy have completely closed their eyes to the urgency of the domestic situation. I have already indicated the blindness of our Anglophiles to the precarious condition of the British Empire. That we may be living in a century of revolution as well as a century of war does not seem to have occurred to them. Such events as the Russian Revolution of 1917, the Chinese Revolution of 1924–27, the Gandhi movement in India do not enter into their calculations of future possibilities.

They are equally blind to the changes that are going on under their noses in the United States. The supporters of Landon who are rallying around the Roosevelt foreign policy, almost to a man, completely misread the temper of the American people in November, 1936. ("I accept the verdict of the American people," wrote the ineffable Dorothy Thompson the day after election.) The British Tories, the arch representatives of reaction, have been

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guilty of no such blindness and stupidity as our Liberty Leaguers. At least they recognize the nature of the crisis that confronts them and if one may speak, as M. André Maurois does, of "The Miracle of England," it is that the English ruling class still remains in the saddle twenty years after the Armistice of 1918. In view of the way most American conservatives have consistently misread both the foreign and the domestic situation the miracle of America is that they command any attention at all.

Mr. Hartley offers a typical rather than an extreme example of the wishful and fuzzy thinking of the American conservative. In recommending a virtual Anglo-American alliance he does not so much as pause to consider whether such an alliance can achieve its objectives. Then, in urging a stronger foreign policy upon the United States, it does not occur to him that any foreign policy the United States pursues perhaps has some faint connection with domestic conditions. When, therefore, he holds out to us as a serious possibility the vision of a world overrun by the Fascist International the suspicion arises that he has been reading the *Daily Worker* under the misapprehension that it was the New York *Times*, the chief difference between these two exponents of collective security being the greater susceptibility of the communist newspaper to British propaganda about the menace of Fascism.

Like the advocates of simon-pure collective security, Mr. Hartley brings his argument to a conclusion by depicting the German-Italian-Japanese combination taking over a world system that the British, with their far greater power and experience, are finding more and more difficult to dominate. I therefore rise to suggest that Mr. Hartley forget his apocalyptic dreams of Fascist world conquest long enough to read a volume entitled *If*

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War Comes by R. Ernest Dupuy and George Fielding Eliot, both of them majors in the United States Army, and Major Eliot's article on Italy in the April 1938 issue of *Harper's*. He will discover not only that material factors make a program of Fascist world conquest the height of improbability; he may also perceive that the myth of German, Italian, and Japanese invincibility is sedulously fostered by British propagandists eager to persuade the United States to support the British Empire in the second World War. As Major Eliot observes, "They would like very much to have American aid. But they do not need us and there is no occasion for Americans to fight another European war to make the world safe for democracy."

Major Eliot bases his analysis on purely material factors: man-power, sea-power, supplies of raw materials, technical proficiency, geo-politics. If this economic and military analysis is extended to include social and political factors, the case against an Anglo-American imperialist crusade against the rival imperialist systems of Germany, Italy, and Japan becomes even stronger. We are witnessing today not a repetition of 1914, although the line-up of the various nations seems to be following the 1914 pattern. History does not repeat itself; it goes on where it left off. The first World War started with a battle for imperialist spoils and ended with a Red-hunt at the expense of Bolshevist Russia. The second World War (which has already begun) has some of the same imperialist objectives. That is to say, the Japanese hope to exploit Manchuria as the British have exploited China proper; Mussolini hopes to exploit Ethiopia as the French have exploited Morocco and Algieria. But the stakes in the imperialist game are dwindling. Before the war India imported seventy-five per cent of its cotton textiles from Great Britain and manufactured the remaining twenty-

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five per cent domestically; today, Indian-owned cotton mills supply seventy-five per cent of India's needs. From 1900 to 1914 about half the new capital issues floated each year on the London money market went into foreign investments; since 1930 the corresponding figure has averaged about two per cent a year.

This economic revolution — for many "backward" countries are now going through the same industrial revolution that occurred in Europe during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries — has not only weakened the position of the British, French, Dutch, and other colonial empires; it has strengthened the nationalist middle class and the revolutionary working class in the colonial countries and enabled them to present more effective opposition to foreign rule. At the same time, the British, French, Dutch, and other "democratic" peoples have set up systems of taxation, social security, unemployment relief, government interference with private enterprise, cooperative and socialist experiments. The Fascist countries, on the other hand, unable to afford these luxuries, have reduced the middle and working classes more and more to a condition of slavery. I am not one of those who foresee a revolution in Germany or Italy tomorrow. I do, however, foresee Hitler and Mussolini preferring war to internal collapse and I doubt that anything short of war can bring either of them down. I also maintain that neither Hitler nor Mussolini can possibly wage a successful major war; in fact, it is the fear of what might follow the collapse of Hitler or Mussolini that accounts in large measure for the hesitation of the British ruling class to force a show-down with either of the Fascist dictators. Here is another illustration of the policy of the lesser evil.

I have only one quarrel with Mr. Hartley's version of the decline and fall of the British Empire. The Fascist

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International is not the only threat to Great Britain and what Mr. Hartley and his British friends now represent as a crusade against the Fascist menace may presently become a crusade against the still greater menace of revolution inside the British Empire and inside the Fascist powers themselves. I am not pleading the case for revolution in Europe or Asia any more than I am pleading the case for Fascism. I am simply raising the question of whether the crusade against revolution on which Great Britain proposes that we embark (in the name of a crusade against Fascism) can be fought to a successful conclusion.

The removal of Anthony Eden suggests, of course, that the British National Government has abandoned all pretensions to democracy and may even have reached some secret understanding with Hitler and Mussolini. This is as it may be, but it seems far more logical to foresee an eventual stiffening of British resistance and the definite abandonment of the present policy of vacillation — especially if the United States can be persuaded to cooperate. Barkis (in the form of Secretary Hull) appears to be more than willing, but how and when the eventual consolidation of Anglo-American forces will occur no one can say at the moment.

Under the circumstances common prudence would seem to dictate that the United States adopt a strictly isolationist line since any cooperation could mean only one thing: support for the British imperial system. A time may come when we should support this system, at least in part, but when that time arrives our isolationist position will be our strongest bargaining point in any negotiations we may undertake with Great Britain or any other power. By adhering to isolation until we know exactly what kind of cooperation we are letting ourselves in for

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we are at least protecting ourselves against enlisting — as President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull would have us do — in any and every crusade for any and every abstract principle such as respect for treaties, quarantining aggressors, preserving orderly processes.

Mr. Hartley modestly concludes with a note of skepticism and admits that there may be some doubt as to whether the United States should fight rather than let the British Empire go under. For my part I am only too glad to admit that the preservation of some parts of that Empire may become a matter of vital interest to the United States at some future time. But until that time comes, the present tendency of the State Department to enter into vague understandings with the British Foreign Office can lead only to the enlistment of the American people in behalf of a lost cause which is not even their own.

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The Subject in Recent American Painting

VIRGIL BARKER

DURING the last fifty years painting in Europe has been subjected to progressive purifications of subject-matter which played only too well into the hands of those annoying persons who insist on extracting morals from everything. It is not necessary, however, to be one of them in order to conclude, from that half-century of history, that painting can be purified to death.

In justified rebellion against the bad story-telling featured by salons and academies everywhere, the impressionists limited the subject to naturalistic atmosphere; yet they and the academicians had so much in common with their exaltation of craft that before long they united with the latter and set up another form of academicism. At once fresh rebellions occurred and various groups, giving themselves different labels in different countries but in historical perspective most conveniently called expressionists, commenced the elimination of natural appearances by intentional distortion; they desired both a more energetic character of design and an outright explosion of subjective emotion. A more severe asceticism was achieved by the cubists; their aim, at its purest, was to make their pictures self-sufficient by playing one tone, one texture, one shape, one plane against another in an abstract visual counterpoint. The later phenomenon in Holland of neo-plasticism went even further and transmogrified painting into a species of geometry. The naturalistic subject was as nearly as possible eliminated and painting was thus dehumanized. Propelled by successively exploding rocket-theories, art had shot to humanly insupportable limits toward the airless moon of pure painting.

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Meanwhile the technically mixed and inconsistent procedures of dadaism had reverted in the direction of subject through emphasis on disgust with life. Whatever each one's conscious attitude toward pure painting, all of the dadaists subordinated their technical means to the expression of impudence and contempt; they derided the world and damned humanity. As direct inheritors came the surrealists, some of them having been dadaists before; and these currently active painters are significant in the present connection because they have brought about a violent resurgence of the subject. Their material cannot be read as one reads the narrative in Bruegel or Hogarth, but it is story-telling just the same with the limitation of being drawn exclusively from the unconscious, from hallucinations, from dreams. In consequence the layman, beyond the point of admiring the frequently amazing craftsmanship, must grope and guess his way through these psychoanalytic documents. If this proves difficult and unrewarding, he can draw one comforting moral. The painters themselves have found out what Santayana observed some time ago: "Nothing is so poor and melancholy as art that is interested in itself and not in its subject." Surrealism, however shocking or puzzling, as it frequently intends to be, is certainly interested in its subject-matter.

This telescoped account is manifestly unfair through incompleteness. Many interesting pictures, and some fine ones, were painted by those who participated in this warfare on the subject; every artist in his times of creation works with his total personality, which always embraces more than the theories and opinions of his conscious mind. To a given layman a given modernist painting may seem unintelligible, but modernism as a whole is entirely explicable in relation to the social conditions in

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which it arose. Artists are the tendrils of the vine that is the civilization. If they show themselves weak or defective in any serious fashion, there is something the matter at the roots; if they are many and strong, the roots are healthy and the soil is good. What happens deepest down makes itself visible first at the utmost extremities.

Painting in America, starting in colonial days as a transplantation from Europe, has ever since been influenced by European developments; indeed, in any world view, art in this country has been either a reproduction or a variant of that in Europe, just as the civilization here has been. Nevertheless, in regard to the purification of subject just outlined, American painting engaged in no such clear-cut program. True, a few painters have from time to time emulated Europeans in this; but in doing so they have only emphasized their singularity among their fellow Americans, and only three or four have practised it consistently even when once begun. For American painting as a whole this is now proving to be one of the advantages of an unfashionable provincialism — an advantage, that is, because subject, even to the extreme of narrative when consonant with the painter's temperament, is surely a fertilizing and perhaps an integral element in the fecund earth in which great art germinates.

Where recent American painting has been strongly influenced by various European radicalisms is in the variety of its technical procedures; here all the forms of expressionism, and cubism particularly, have helped it to a liberation from narrow academic correctness and a knowledge of far older traditions never heeded by the academic mind. With these enlargements of their resources, the painters of America are trying more than ever to fill their art with all the life it can hold. They are

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not concerned with the sterility of an art disinfected of subject; they are ready to take on anything, even story-telling or propaganda, that will enable their art to be more than a technical exercise. To be sure, they are concerned with encountering the content of their pictures as painters, with rendering it in pictorial terms, but they are sanely aware that medium and manner are not ends in themselves.

The mutation here described dates from almost a decade ago when the critics, obediently following the lead of such artists as Burchfield and Hopper and Sheeler, began to discuss the "American scene." With the patronage extended by the government through the Public Works of Art Project this trend in subject was intensified — not from dictation by the Project officials but from the preferences of the painters. With the further government patronage through the Treasury Department Art Program, devised as a permanent means of securing adequate decorations for public buildings, subject-matter in general has become more important than ever. For mural paintings, in order to come alive, must say something; and what they say must be relevant to the purpose of the building they adorn and to the community which the building serves.

One way of estimating the mural work being done on government grants is to examine the comprehensive anthology of studies and architectural drawings entitled *Art In Federal Buildings*, by Edward Bruce and Forbes Watson. Its more than five hundred illustrations demonstrate considerable care in choice of effective subject. This bid for popular interest is a good thing in work done for the public; the mural painter, at all events, cannot afford any perversity of pride in the smallness of his audience. The themes adopted for the buildings in

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Washington which house national governmental agencies are properly generalized; but the other decorations display a strongly predominant intention to attract through sharply localized subjects. The importance of this is greatly enhanced by the fact that the majority of these decorations have been placed in towns and the smaller cities where they will meet the eyes of people who are not as yet widely experienced in the appreciation of art. Thus they are bound to influence public taste in addition to rousing public consciousness of local history and landscape and life; and this dual function is a community affair of cumulative importance.

Indeed, it is possible to discern, in much of this pictorial literature, a spirit deserving to be called religious — in the American sense of the word, at least. For religion here usually takes the form of thought and action for the community. The other conception of it as a mystical discipline for the soul in solitude has but rarely received important artistic expression here — in the prose of Thoreau, in the poetry of Emily Dickinson, in the painting of Ryder. Americans generally have been content to satisfy their religious needs in social-mindedness; this is about the best feature of our communal life, and the art that forwards it is to that extent religious. This characterizing word, moreover, is deserved by contemporary mural painting because it increasingly manifests the intention of truthfulness. And whenever it comes to the necessity of choice, truth is more important than beauty.

The frequent bluntness and occasional violence with which some painters are now expressing their ideas of truth disconcerts those who wish art to be sweetly reassuring; and the painters who exhibit such emotional prepossessions must also resort for the embodiment of them

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to academic improprieties of technic which are equally upsetting to people who cherish inherited ideas of beauty. Granted that some contemporary painters, being young, are mannerists in crudity. Granted that those who adopt sensationalism either of subject or of treatment will find themselves unable to say anything else. Granted that continual shouting is as tiresome in paint as in conversation. Just the same, it is worth recalling that those traits appeared in American life long before their recent intrusion into pictures; that, having appeared in life, they have as much right to their day in art as other more conventionally noble and refined ones; that any possible transformation of them into something better will be achieved not by letting them run riot in life but by shaping and reshaping them in the forms of art.

For this reason, then, the public may rightly be glad that the painters are so freely raiding American life for subjects. Our participation could be to give them the sanction of acceptance, and ideally our attitude would be that of Cromwell saying to Lely: "I desire you should use your skill to paint my picture truly like me; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything as you see me; otherwise I will never pay a farthing for it." In the end truth is the only basis on which maturity is achievable, in art as in life, by persons or by nations. If we choose the truth, we may have beauty added to us, the art not changing in itself but working a change in us who comprehend it.

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Jake Boyd

WARREN BECK

MAYBE IT WAS a mistake, looking him up after all that time. I don't think it did him any good, or me either. It was just another one of those things that make the good old days seem distant and lost forever. Now I'll go on remembering him the way I found him this last time, until I'll almost forget how he used to be.

It was fifteen or more years ago, back in the early twenties, when I first knew Jake Boyd. I was barely more than a kid, and he was a man of the world, I thought, and he made quite an impression on me. I even tried to push my hat back on my head the way he did when he sat down at his desk to talk. Part of the time I smoked stogies, which I didn't really like, just so I could stick them up out of the left corner of my mouth, the way Jake did. I borrowed a lot of his Broadway slang, too, even though I didn't get much mileage out of it there in Dayton, Ohio.

He was working for the old Keith vaudeville outfit. That was before the talkies, and Keith's was quite a set-up then, with a finger in several theater chains. Jake Boyd came out from an uptown New York theater to manage the Keith house in Dayton. For a showman like Jake everything across the Hudson was exile, but the job paid him well, and he had been given a free hand, which he liked. He never crabbed about Dayton, as he well might have. He went bustling around, cocky and yet kind-hearted, like a missionary who had braved the West for a cause, and would be only too happy to die for it. A skinny, nervous little guy, quivering with zeal. But he'd talk about Broadway with tears in his voice — he even wrote the words for a song about it. He never

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missed a chance to go back on Keith business at any season, and he always spent his summer vacation there, although it must have been nearly as hot as Dayton.

I remember thinking that if Jake had run his New York house the way he ran the Dayton Keith's, it didn't matter much what city he was in — he lived inside the theater practically all the time. The courts had restored Jake to bachelorhood twice before he came out to Ohio, and the second time it seemed to have taken. He had a room and bath in a good hotel, but he just slept and dressed there. He wasn't in any way attached to it; he'd shift rooms every so often, and even hotels, trying to get away from morning noises. His office was his home. Like a lot of theater offices, it never got any natural light, and had to be ventilated with a fan, but it was a cozy old cave. It was a plenty big room. There was a davenport that converted into a regular bed — Jake tenderly laid me out there for the night once after I'd taken too much gin, trying like a silly kid to hold my own with a party of actors. Plenty of comfortable chairs in that office, too, and a magazine table, and end-tables everywhere for ash trays and glasses. Jake had a flat-top desk, but there was never anything on it except a pen and a pad and a telephone. No filing cabinets in the room, either, or any other evidence of business. Jake's secretary had all that with her in a room down the hall. She came when he called her on the house phone, and took the papers away again in their filing folders. After she had gone, if so much as a paper clip or a rubber band was left on his desk, Jake would drop it into the waste basket. That was the way he ran his whole theater, and it was the slickest-running show-house I ever saw. Not just shiny brass stair rails and ushers with clean collars and fresh hair-cuts and porters patrolling with dust pans, but the whole show

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spinning along in high all the time, the stage hands working like gunnery crews, and the acts all giving their best at every show.

The walls of Jake's office were plastered with actors' pictures, and the originals were always appearing there in person. Jake made it a kind of club. The talk was all shop talk. And Jake had the last word most of the time. I've often thought a pretty good magazine of vaudeville news could have been edited right out of that office. Everybody brought in what he knew, and Jake sorted it out and labeled it, and apparently never forgot a syllable of it. At night after the show Jake fairly held court. Most of the acts would be there — at least most of those who were speaking to each other and were not out of favor with Jake — and often there'd be a reporter whom Jake was oiling for publicity. In one closet he had an electric plate for keeping coffee hot, and a big refrigerator, full of beer and things for mixing. The coffee came in from the hotel next door in a two-gallon pot, along with a big tray of sandwiches. It was all from Jake, with love. And he paid an usher to stay and set out the card tables and hand around the beer and sandwiches. It wasn't anything like a free-lunch counter. Jake handled it with his own kind of punctiliousness.

If you hadn't known Jake, you wouldn't have thought he was having an especially good time at these parties of his. He had a dead pan and fishy blue eyes that could look right into those big spotlights back stage without blinking, and he didn't often smile, and when he did, it was you might say economically. But Jake did have a good time, ruling the roost there, and after you came to know him, you saw it in his whole manner. Whether he was playing cards or sitting at his desk gossiping about the show business to the circle that would gather and pull

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up chairs there, he always had that stogie cocked up out of the left corner of his mouth, like the remaining good horn of a tough old bull that had seen a lot of battles and was game for as many more. Jake was a bear for names, dates, and all kinds of facts and figures about the vaudeville world, as I said, and he'd correct anybody right in the middle of a sentence, with a short phrase, or a single word if that sufficed, like the crack of a trainer's whip. He was like a stern schoolmaster taking conscientious pains — if you could imagine a schoolmaster with that stogie and his hat on the back of his head and one leg swinging over the arm of his chair. But sometimes he was genially talkative, late at night, when it was the right crowd; and he'd hold forth in long eulogies of his favorite acts, analyzing their routine and showmanship with some of the keenest criticism I've ever heard. Jake's little audience would drink it in, and outsider that I was, I could tell they were laying his principles to heart, and I guessed that Jake Boyd's verdicts were respectfully quoted in green rooms all over the circuit.

Jake and I first got together when he gave me a job lettering some ads for the theater. At that time I was going to be a commercial artist. After I'd finished high school I'd taken an art course. Eventually I was going to be an artist, a painter, God help me! Commercial art was only a beginning, I thought. I guess I was right at that — it was only a beginning. After I married I went into my father-in-law's wholesale business. But what of it? Jake Boyd stuck it out with his job, and look what's happened to him.

Well, I started drawing ads for Jake, and he liked them, and used them regularly, and taught me a lot about advertising, too, as we went along. Then he found something else for me. I was always making rough pencil

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drawings of anybody who'd hold fairly still for five minutes, and Jake got the idea of having me do the vaudeville acts and running the sketches in the paper early during the week, for publicity. You can imagine what that meant to a kid with my fancy aspirations. It was a rush job, but I thought it was really Art, no less. They ran the stuff all the way across the top of a page, like a cartoon strip, but half again as deep. Jake usually gave me the little captions to go with each sketch, but otherwise he let me do it my own way. And they let me sign it! My Dayton friends thought I was free-lancing my way into the papers, and I never told them anything different, but it was Jake who paid me for it. And in a way he paid for the space in the paper, too. I was there in his office when he closed the deal with the newspaper's ad manager, so I know.

"I'm thinking," says Jake, "of stepping up my advertising twenty per cent for a while — that is, just in your paper."

"Good," says the manager, and waited for the rest of it.

"And," says Jake, emphasizing the word and pausing a bit, "while you're here, take a look at these sketches Johnnie has done. Why wouldn't something like that make a good feature once a week? I'll supply 'em regularly if you want 'em."

The ad manager saw the connection and bustled out with my drawings, and in twenty minutes he phoned back. Jake gave me a big wink as he put the receiver back on the hook.

"It's okay, sweetheart," he said. "You're hired."

He often called me sweetheart, and I knew that coming from Jake it was Broadway slang, and it made me feel like one of the family. A few years later, after I had left Dayton, when I saw *The Butter and Egg Man*, that

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comedy about the kid from Chille-cothe barging into the show business, whenever anybody said, "Say, listen, sweetheart," all I could see was Jake Boyd, sitting behind his desk, with his stogie sticking up, and his fishy eyes wide open in his blank face.

During the months I was doing those sketches for the paper I saw a lot of Jake. He encouraged me to hang around the theater. The more I saw of it, the more I knew about it, the better my stuff would be, he said. During the latter part of the week, after the sketches had appeared, I did very little — I lettered an ad or two, maybe, but most of the time I just loafed around back stage, whenever anybody was there. When nobody was around, I lay on the davenport in Jake's office and read novels. Jake encouraged my loafing, too. "Take it easy, sweetheart," he'd say, "you've done your work for the week." And he meant it. A fellow like Jake who was used to seeing acrobats, for instance, pull down their hundred-fifty a week for a seven minute turn twice a day could easily view my case like that. But you can see how it must have worked on a kid like me; I felt that Jake was one man who understood the necessities of the artistic temperament, and its proper rewards.

And I did work like a fool every Sunday and Monday. I'd be back stage Sunday morning as the acts came in and went through a skeleton of their routine with the orchestra and stage crew. I'd study 'em all — their facial expressions and body postures — and I'd try to get a line on what was characteristic of their acts. I couldn't finish anything then, though — those Sunday morning rehearsals were madhouses. Everybody was short on temper and long on the meanest kind of repartee. The acts had done two or more shows the day before and then traveled all night to get to Dayton. The stage crew and

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orchestra were expecting difficulties and were all set to hand in their share, just to show that they were not mice. And all these professional egotisms and fatigued tempers had to be ironed out, and a hundred details mastered, if there was to be a smooth show Sunday afternoon. It got done. Jake saw to that. He demanded that the first show be as good as any, and all the shows as good as they could be.

Jake's Sunday morning method was to sit in the first row of the balcony, out of earshot of any whispered recriminations over the footlights or behind the wings, as if he thought that was none of his affair, and watch just the rehearsal itself. He'd snap out his criticisms in a flat cracked voice that carried easily to the back of the stage.

"Show 'em, show 'em!" he'd bark to a lazy actor who was trying to describe his routine to the orchestra in a minute and get it over with. "How the hell are the boys going to follow you this afternoon if you don't show 'em?"

"Mac," he'd yell to the stage manager, "that set has to be shifted in two minutes ten seconds this afternoon. Let's see the boys do it in two minutes ten seconds now."

"Cliff," he'd say to the drummer, "that cymbal is supposed to be the crash when his tail hits the boards, not the echo."

Sometimes when an actor seemed off his form, Jake would needle him by remarking coldly that maybe he'd rather be in Sunday school that morning, or he might come right out and say he hoped to God the act would have more punch than that by afternoon. And whenever the rehearsal seemed even a shade listless, Jake would raise his voice, as if in pain, in a familiar appeal — "For God's sake, don't be amatoors!"

Well, as I said, it worked. Jake was never unfair; if anybody was sick, he was considerate and encouraging,

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and if there was any other reasonable excuse for a mistake, he recognized it. Nobody ever had any comeback at Jake. He went by the simple rule of the theater, that the show must go on, and must always be as good as possible. Everybody respected him, and everybody responded to him, and the first show almost always rolled off on ball-bearings, and everybody tickled to death about it. Jake watched it close up from the front box, and at the finish he gave each act a little salute with his right hand close up at his chest — that is, if everything had gone all right. I always sat there just behind Jake, rushing out my first sketches, and I could see those actors look over at Jake like trained seals waiting for a fish. Now and then Jake would clasp his hands down in front of his chest and give them a prizefighter's shake — that was an extra fish, and I never saw an actor who didn't catch it with a big grin.

Then right after the show Jake would go back stage for the first time that day and greet everybody. They'd all wait around for it — if they'd got the salute or better. If they'd slipped up, they didn't wait for Jake. They could expect him at their dressing rooms before the night show, with some advice that was an ultimatum, for if an act wasn't clicking by the end of the first day, Jake would wire for a substitute to finish out the week. There wasn't much trouble of this sort, though, because the booking office knew Jake and didn't dare ship him any ham.

The result was that those little gatherings in Jake's office after the night show were quite exclusive — the elite of the old vaudeville world. No wonder Jake loved it, considering his tastes. No wonder he practically lived in that office.

"I wouldn't have to spend all my time here if I didn't want to," he told me once. "But where else in Dayton, O.,

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is there anything better going on? Nope, this is my life, sweetheart, and these actors are my friends. Why should I leave all this to go out and play pool with the untraveled toilers from the cash-register plant?"

That was the way I saw Jake Boyd, content in his dim-lit office, living in his world apart there in Dayton, seeing all its citizens only as potential customers at his ticket-window, running his show with an iron hand and an unrelaxing standard, and being all the while a magnanimous chief in the vaudeville clan. As I said, that was all fifteen or more years ago. I did those drawings for Jake for about six months; then I moved to Minneapolis with my parents. I set up there as a commercial artist, but before long I was in my prospective father-in-law's wholesale feed business. I never heard anything more about Jake.

Then not long ago I was in Dayton for a few hours between trains, for the first time since I had moved away. I wandered around a while, feeling like a ghost that couldn't find the house he was supposed to haunt. I didn't know anybody, and the whole town looked dim and unimportant, the way a dream does the morning after. Then coming around a corner, I saw the old theater, same old front, same old sign, The Palace, but with the Keith's taken off the top, and I wondered about Jake Boyd. It was three o'clock, and my train didn't go until four-thirty. Said I to myself, if old Jake is still here, by any chance, I'll spend the rest of the time with him.

"Mr. Boyd is the manager," the doorman told me.

"Jake Boyd?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he said.

"I'd like to see him," I said. "I'm an old friend."

"You can go right up to the office," the doorman told me. "It's on the mezzanine floor, just beyond the —"

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"I know where it is," I said, "if they haven't moved it," and I went hurrying up the soft-carpeted stairs. But I thought right away how different it was from the old times, when a caller had to have his name relayed up on the house phone, whoever he was, before he could get to Jake.

The office door was closed. I knocked. Jake's unmistakable flat voice called out, "Come in!" and in I walked.

There he sat, behind the same desk, but it was littered with papers. His hat was perched on the back of his head as usual, but his hair was all gray now. He was smoking a cigarette, and it drooped down almost parallel with the deep lines at the corners of his mouth.

"Well?" he said, staring at me with the old stony glance, and then he nearly lost the cigarette, for his jaw dropped down.

"For God's sake," he exclaimed, as he jumped up, "Johnnie!"

"Nice work, Jake," I said. "I'm forty pounds heavier. Besides fifteen years older."

"Aren't we all," he said, shaking my hand a long time, and staring into my eyes.

He turned to his stenographer, and then I noticed that she had been moved in, desk, typewriter, filing cases and all.

"I won't need you for a while, Sally," he said. "I'll send for you."

"Okay," said the girl, in a voice like a talking doll, and went out.

"Well, sit down, sit down, Johnnie," said Jake, dragging me by the hand over to the old davenport. "How the hell are you, anyhow?"

"I'm fine, Jake," I said. "How's it with you?"

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"Oh, so-so," he said, pursing his lips and looking self-contained. "Tell me about yourself. Fifteen years, is it? Where've you been all that time?"

"Minneapolis," I said.

"Are you an artist?" he asked, with a glint of real interest.

"Oh, no," I told him. "Wholesale feed business."

"Well, well! Think of that!" he said in astonishment, and then tried to go on tactfully. "Married, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," I told him. "Thirteen years. Wonderful woman."

"Of course," he said. "No less. No less for Johnnie. Kids?"

"Three," I announced. "Two boys and a girl."

He smiled at me fondly.

"Doing nicely, aren't you, Johnnie," he commented. "And the business too, I hope."

"Oh, yes," I told him. "It's quite a thing, Jake. Wife's father owns it."

"That's swell," Jake said, earnestly.

He studied me for a minute, as if he were trying to strip off my pounds and years, and the family and feed business, and get down to his former protege, the young sketcher of vaudeville acts.

"But why haven't I seen you before?" he asked.

"Haven't been in Dayton since I moved away," I told him. "I'd certainly have looked you up, Jake. Remember the drawings you let me do for the papers?"

"Oh, yes; oh, yes," he said, in a far-away voice, shaking his head.

I looked around the walls at the photographs, hanging in their places still.

"I see you're surrounded by the old familiar faces," said I.

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"Oh, yes," he said, sadly. "God knows where they all are now."

"Does the Palace still play vaudeville?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he said. "Strictly a movie house now."

"Probably a lot simpler, isn't it, Jake," I commented.

"Simpler?" he answered. "It couldn't be any simpler. Now it comes in cans, Johnnie. Just like beer. Time was when beer came in bottles and vaudeville actors came in droves. But now the show comes in cans, like this."

He kicked a heavy metal box, a little more than a foot square, with a padlock on it, that was standing by his desk.

"There's tomorrow's feature," he said. "Eleven reels of canned squawks. One moderate-sized expressman lugged it in by himself, less than an hour ago. And there we are. Simple is the word for it."

"I see," I said.

"Let's have a drink," he exclaimed, and jumped up.

"Fine," I answered, sitting where I was, expecting something out of the refrigerator in the alcove, as usual.

"Come on," Jake said. "We'll go back stage for it. Never drink in the office. Bad business."

I was glad he was walking out ahead of me, because I know my face must have taken on a funny look at that one. I followed him down the stairs from the mezzanine, and then we turned into the side aisle, and went up to the door behind the boxes. Jake stuck his flashlight into my hand while he fumbled for a key.

"Have to keep the damned thing locked," he muttered. "The high school kids are always ducking into the darkest holes they can find."

We went in, and when Jake snapped the lock shut behind us, it was the thickest blackness I'd ever felt.

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"Gimme the light," says Jake. "One step up here."

"I haven't forgotten," I said, but I was feeling along with my feet until Jake turned on the flash.

"Oh, it's all rebuilt back here," he says. "Stay right behind me or you may knock your head. Here, I'll show you how simple the show business is now."

He shut off his flashlight, and I could hear him opening another door, into a kind of room built on the old stage. There was a dim flickering of light. He pulled me through the door by the arm, and I began to take it all in.

It was certainly different. It was a lot simpler, as Jake said, but it was strange too. The space behind the movie screen was walled in with heavy curtains, to about a third the depth of the stage. The speaker horns are up behind the screen, and these curtains throw the sound forward, Jake said. They gaped at the corners — a wide crack, as if the talkies had so much talk in them that a little leakage didn't matter — and I could look right through at the screen itself. I couldn't see any picture — only patches of light and shadow, jumping and flickering all over that space like sheet lightning across half the sky. The loud distorted rumble of the dialogue was thunder to it.

"The cave of the winds," Jake whispered.

We watched it silently for a minute.

"Isn't it the damnedest contraption," Jake hissed, in a kind of bewilderment, as if man's devices had gone him one too many.

Then I jumped, for all at once I found myself looking right through the screen and into the house, with the rows of people sitting there. I suppose I hadn't seen through the curtain before because I hadn't expected to.

"Why, it's transparent," I said. "No," Jake answered, "it isn't transparent. It's full of holes."

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"Better get a new one, Jake," I whispered.

"A solid curtain wouldn't let the sound through," he explained, and then after a moment he added, "So you see, there's even less to it than you thought there was."

We stood there, with the light filtering upon us from that great gleam boring down out of the gallery, vibrating like the headlight of a speeding locomotive, and I looked through at the audience. But it wasn't like peeping out from the wings in the old vaudeville days. Then you could see all the faces distinctly, jolly rows of them in the rosy reflected light, like a crowd around a campfire. These faces staring at the movie were only discernible as blobs lighter than the shade around them. I noticed that they were all turned up at a higher angle than if they'd been watching a stage show, and it gave them a kind of wonder-struck, adoring look. In that pale visibility, like moonlight filtering into a misty swamp, those faces made me think of a garden of unwholesome white flowers, nourished in darkness by the forces of night.

"The drink is downstairs," whispered Jake, and led me through another door, closing it quietly behind him before he turned on his flashlight again. Now we were in territory I recognized. Jake switched on the electric light in the dressing-room corridor down below, and we could see our way down the stairs.

"This one's my hide-out," Jake said, and unlocked the door into the big dressing-room right under the middle of the stage.

He flipped on the ceiling light, and we walked in. The air was stale. The windowless room with concrete floor was like an empty mausoleum. The long mirrors were still on the walls, and round them the rows of light sockets, empty now. The shelves underneath, to hold the grease-paint and wigs, were there too, but with nothing

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on them except in one corner three whiskey bottles, one with a corkscrew in it. There was no chair in the room, nothing but an old sagging couch. But I could see the place had been kept clean of dust.

"Jeeze, Johnnie," Jake exclaimed, "I forgot that I have only one glass."

"That's okay, Jake," I said.

"No," he said, and he went and picked up the bottle with the corkscrew in it. "Here, this one's half gone. I'll drink out of it, and you can start a new bottle with the glass."

He went over to the lavatory in the other corner of the room and carefully rinsed out the glass there. Then he dried it on a paper towel and gave it to me. He loosened the cork in the half-empty bottle, took out the corkscrew, and pulled the cork from a full bottle. He handed it to me.

"There you are, Johnnie," he said. "Pour yourself a few drinks. Sit down on the couch there. It'll hold you."

I poured a drink and sat down, and he got the other bottle and came over and sat beside me. There we stayed and talked for maybe forty-five minutes. I couldn't tell all we talked about, but we looked back fifteen years and recalled the old vaudeville days, the ever-changing, ever-full flow of life under a lavish glare of lights through those adjacent dressing rooms now locked and empty, and across that now shadowy stage. Jake spoke tenderly of the old-time, big-time headliners. His words were a minor echo of those pronouncements he used to fling over his desk-top to his admiring guests at happy parties after the evening show. Time and separation had not dimmed Jake's memory of the old vaudeville world, but only made it mellow. He recalled the best of the acts, and what had been best in them. "You remember?" he'd ask me continually, and his bright descriptions did raise

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faint images for me, but I knew that in his mind's eye the footlights blazed brilliant as ever, and he could see plainly the swirl of skirts about shapely legs, could hear precisely the nuance of a line that always got a laugh, could feel the hush and then the percussion of applause that greeted the whirlwind finish of a great acrobatic act.

He sat there on the edge of that broken couch, with his hat shoved back on his gray hair, his left hand gripping the neck of the whiskey bottle and resting it on his knee, and his right arm describing the largest arcs within its reach to symbolize those departed glories. After each eulogy he would tip up the bottle and let the drink gurgle down his throat; then he would resume at once. The memories crowded upon him. He talked on and on. And I listened, mostly. I saw with a pang how badly old Jake needed a listener — that is, one who could remember too. I kept my eye on my wrist watch and didn't interrupt him until I knew I must leave to catch my train. We had one more drink, and Jake clinked his bottle against my glass and nodded mutely to me, as to one who could join him in a wordless toast to the old days. He held his bottle uptipped till he emptied it.

I waited in silence while Jake set my bottle back on the shelf, returned the glass to its bracket by the lavatory, switched out the light, and locked the door. All the time his left hand clung to the bottle he had emptied. Doubly emptied, I thought, the memento of reminiscences. In silence we walked down the corridor and up the stairs to the stage. Jake doused his flashlight, and we went in across the stage again, past the dim echoing cavern of curtains behind the movie screen. Jake held my arm as if to guide me. At the other side we paused near the gap in the curtains, and we both looked through again at the rows of bewitched heads.

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"This theater," Jake said, low-voiced, but with the intonations of an announcer, "can be emptied in three minutes." Then he added, in a different tone, a harsh whisper, "I often wonder why it isn't."

I was ready to go, but Jake stood there as though he was trying to make up his mind.

"Science," he pronounced at last, with a kind of drunken gravity, nodding toward the apparatus. Then after a moment, in a lower whisper, with intense scorn, "Science! Science!"

All of a sudden, before I knew what was happening, Jake says "The bastard!" and lets that empty bottle fly right at the screen. It bulged out for a second, but luckily it didn't rip, and the bottle clunked back on the stage, instead of sailing through and braining somebody in the audience. The show went right on, and if any of the ushers noticed it, they didn't come back and ask about it, not while I was there.

I grabbed Jake by the arm and said, "Come on, let's get out of here."

He staggered as I pulled him back across the stage, but I knew it wasn't just the whiskey.

"The bastard!" he muttered again, as if the words had been a long time on his mind. "The scientific bastard! Some day I'll go out there right in the middle of the picture and tear that damned thing down."

I kept dragging him along, back to the dressing room.

"You don't want to do that, Jake," I told him.

"Why not?" he said. "I've got nothing to lose."

"Your job," I said.

"To hell with the job," he said. "I'd rather be a barber."

With only the flashlight I somehow got him down the stairs and back to the dressing room. I didn't know

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where else to take him. He didn't protest. He took out his keys again without a word, opened the door, switched on the light, walked in, and stretched out on the couch. I gave him a cigarette and lit it for him. I would have stayed with him then, train or no train, but I could see he'd be better off alone.

"Listen, Jake," I said. "I'm sorry, but I've got to run this minute if I'm going to catch that train, and I've just got to make it."

"Okay, sweetheart, I know," he said, without looking up at me.

I had got to the door when he suddenly sat up.

"Here," he said, "take my flashlight," and he threw it at me. "You'll need it to get out. You can get out with that, can't you?"

"I can get out without it," I said, "you keep it," and I was about to throw it back.

"No, no," he shouted. "I can find my way in the dark. Jeez, if I can't find my way around here — "

He threw himself back on the couch, and put one hand over his eyes, to shut out the ceiling light. The room was dead still for a moment.

"Thanks for dropping in," he murmured, in a carefully controlled tone.

"So long, Jake," I said.

"So long, sweetheart," he said, in his flat voice.

"Take care of yourself, Jake," I said, going out the door, but he didn't answer.

As I went groping my way up the shadowy stairs, I heard an awful sound from that lonely room. He was crying.

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Cross of Silver

JOHN H. CRIDER

THE LATE William Jennings Bryan cried with all his zealous vigor in 1896, "You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!" Now that the New Deal has made real some of Mr. Bryan's dreams for silver there is reason for fear that this nation may be crucified on a cross of silver.

It is too early yet to say whether the Administration's suspension of formal silver purchases from Mexico on April 1 marked the beginning of the end of the New Deal's silver folly, but followed closely as it was by a drop of two cents in the price paid by the Treasury for foreign silver there was evidence, at least, of a disposition to let the world price find a lower level than that at which United States purchases had previously sustained it.

Under the Thomas Amendment of 1933 and the Silver Purchase Act of 1934, the two measures which form the basis for the Administration's silver policy, the Treasury had purchased up to the first of this year approximately 1,400,000,000 ounces of silver for a sum of close to $700,000,000 in round numbers. The thing would be unimportant if we needed the silver. But it was not needed. As of February 28 the total silver stock of the nation amounted to 2,251,800,000 ounces. Storage space for this quantity of silver in bullion form is 235,605 cubic feet! To understand fully the significance of this accumulation of silver in contemporary civilization, one must look back a few years to the days when silver was truly a noble metal.

There is nothing new about silver. Gold and copper were discovered earlier, but even so silver was first found

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in prehistoric times. Mention of it in the Old Testament and other early writings indicates that it was used as early as three to five hundred years before Christ.

Silver was called a noble metal because when it was scarce the nobles hoarded it. Silver was so scarce in the fourth and succeeding dynasties of Egypt that it was more valued than gold, but in the seventeenth dynasty trade with eastern Mediterranean countries made silver more plentiful and cheaper than gold. The earliest silver was taken from Asia Minor and islands in the Aegean Sea. The Romans obtained most of their silver from Spain, but during the Middle Ages these supplies dwindled and silver increased in value.

Silver was so desired by the great in ancient times that even the alchemists tried their hand at producing it. They named it Luna or Diana. Silver is now known to appear bountifully in nature. It is virtually everywhere, even in sea water. Because gold is almost always found in association with silver, bimetallists might claim for an argument in behalf of their cause that God created a bimetallic standard.

No wonder the alchemists were tempted to experiment with the production of silver. It is the whitest and one of the most attractive of metals. Indeed, it is almost moon-white, suggesting their name, Luna. In addition to its beauty, silver has great resistance to oxidation and is by far the best conductor of heat and electricity, about which more will be said later.

It is obvious from this brief summary of silver's early history that it was regarded as a precious metal because of its scarcity. The discovery of America somewhat changed the situation. As the fourteenth edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica puts it, amusingly in the light of subsequent developments, "the scarcity came to an end

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with the discovery of America, which has given the rest of the world a large and ever increasing supply of silver."

Specie was scarce in colonial America, and paper money abundant. The British government used colonial trade to stimulate exports of British goods, and few were the pieces of metallic currency which got into the hands of the colonists. The popular assemblies of the colonies kept the presses busy turning out paper currency backed by virtually nothing but good will, and in the end, just before the Revolution, Grenville stopped the issuance of paper money by the colonies. Thus, when the patriots had asserted their rights in the Declaration of Independence, there was but one way to finance the War of Independence — paper money. Between 1775 and 1779, the Congress issued about $240,000,000 of bills to be redeemed by the states. Together with the issues of the states, there were in all more than $450,000,000 of such pieces of paper in circulation. In addition, Congress received aid from the states in the form of $55,000,000 of inflated currency based on a small amount of specie.

Charles A. Beard says in his *The Rise of American Civilisation* that the war would have been over in short order "if the lawyers in the Continental Congress had been as adept in providing money, raising armies, collecting supplies, and directing the course of the Revolution as in drafting state papers."

In view of the situation, it was to be expected that the first coinage law, passed in 1792, should have provided for coinage of both gold and silver, and adopted the double standard (bimetallic standard). Here, at the very outset of the history of the republic, was demonstrated the fallacy of the double standard. Because of the market fluctuations in the price of silver the established ratio of fifteen to one was so out of line with actual value that by

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1812 gold had practically disappeared from circulation. In other words, it showed that a currency cannot be pegged to two sets of values, especially when one of them, as in the case of silver, has such historically bad habits of instability. In 1834, hoping to remedy the situation, the ratio was changed to sixteen to one, but not long thereafter the discovery of gold fields in the West flooded the country with the more precious metal, completely destroying the relationship. This time it was gold which went wild. The result was that in 1853 the double standard was virtually abandoned.

There were other periodic experiences with use of gold and silver, but usually with the result that the more costly of the two metals was hoarded. Because of the grabbing up of gold, it was necessary in 1894 and 1895 to issue bonds to keep the gold reserve intact, and in 1893 the purchasing of silver ceased. This provided the setting for the significant campaign of 1896, during which Mr. Bryan made his famous "cross of gold" speech.

The campaign was significant because it brought out the arguments on both sides of the silver issue in all their best plumage. Silver may never again have a spokesman as able as Mr. Bryan. He made it definitely a class issue. It was the farmers of the south and west against the business men, bankers, and industrialists of the east. The bankers, he said, wanted a gold standard because they were assured of starving the farmers by oppressing them with payment of debts in gold or its equivalent. The farmers, on the other hand, were entitled to a more flexible medium, he implored, a medium like silver which might depreciate in terms of gold and enable them to pay more with less. He gilded the argument — reduced it to terms of women and children and the Spirit of '76 — but it amounted to that in substance.

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In that campaign and with the arguments of Mr. Bryan appeared one of the two important points raised traditionally by the bimetallists who, in fact, are also inflationists. The other point, of which discussion will be had later, is the need of American silver producers for a market. From the beginning of the Republic the farmer, probably the best representative of the debtor class, has clamored for money which will buy more. The fallacy of this inflationist contention is that money under a given currency system really has but one value — the highest value, so far as the creditor is concerned. Even when, as in the past, Congress has made paper money backed by silver a legal tender for debts, it was the gold that everyone wanted. When there was no gold they might take what they could get. In the eyes of the creditor the debt was payable only in gold; in the eyes of the debtor it was payable only in silver. This sort of thing gets nowhere, as earlier Administrations soon found. So in 1900 Congress put the United States definitely on a gold standard. Thenceforth all currency was valued in terms of gold, the changing price of silver having no effect upon it.

When gold has a bad time of it, the silverites shout loudest. Gold, along with everything else of value, went scurrying in the panic which followed the "prosperity" in 1929. The silver interests yelled so loud (and their votes were so many) that in the end, Franklin D. Roosevelt, the President who was to get the country out of the depression, weakened before their onslaught and approved the Thomas amendment, a subsidy for domestic silver producers. That was in 1933 when things looked worst. Almost anybody could get a government subsidy then. In the following year, the so-called Silver Bloc in Congress succeeded in winning approval for the Silver Purchase Act, which was an inflationary measure de-

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signed to improve the status of silver throughout the world. It was, in fact, the great grandchild of William Jennings Bryan, whose ghost stalked the capitol on the day it was passed. Mr. Bryan, however, probably would have gone even farther.

The Administration, requiring no sage to point out the dangers of such legislation, offered vigorous opposition for awhile. Its spokesmen showed clearly that speculators were due to reap a rich harvest; that it would help foreign interests to the detriment of the citizens of the United States; and that full use of its inflationary provisions might ruin the domestic currency system. These were sound arguments and, thanks be to Heaven, there seem to be a few influential members of the Administration who still subscribe to them. However, politics won in the end. In view of some of the subsequent contrary actions of the legislators whose votes were theoretically bought through approval of the bill, some observers are wondering whether the Administration got its money's worth. Certainly the taxpayers never did!

The Thomas amendment to the Farm Relief Act of 1933 gave the President power to fix the price of newly mined domestic silver and authorized the Treasury to buy it at that price. The first price fixed was 64.64 cents per ounce, but later, due to the gyrations of silver prices under the influence of the Silver Purchase Act, it became necessary to raise the domestic price to 77.57 cents. In a proclamation on December 31, 1937, the President returned the price to 64.64 cents, which is one-half of the monetary price of $1.29 per ounce. The Gold Reserve Act of 1934 amended the Thomas amendment in such a way as to raise the question whether or not the President had the power to fix the price of the white metal after June 30, 1939. If the language of the amendment is so

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interpreted, the expiration of these powers may provide the opportunity for ending the subsidy to domestic producers.

The Silver Purchase Act declared it to be the policy of the United States that the proportion of silver to gold in the monetary stocks should be increased, with the ultimate objective of having and maintaining one-fourth of the monetary value of such stocks in silver.

To carry out this policy the Treasury was authorized to purchase silver at home or abroad, with certain discretionary powers, whenever the proportion of silver is less than one-fourth of the monetary value of the total stocks. The purchases also were to be halted in the event the price of silver reached the monetary value of $1.29 — an absurdity in this day and age.

Up to December 31, 1937, the Treasury had purchased 191,498,800 ounces of newly mined domestic silver under the Thomas amendment, and 1,180,253,400 ounces of foreign silver under the Silver Purchase Act. In addition, 113,028,500 ounces of old domestic silver was bought at fifty cents an ounce under the President's Silver Nationalization Proclamation of August 9, 1934.

In all this, silver has cost the Treasury something like $730,000,000 as of the first of the year. For unneeded and unwanted silver this is rather a fancy price. Based on year-end gold stocks of $12,760,000,000, additional silver in the amount of 1,113,000,000 ounces would have to be bought to fulfil the objectives of the Silver Purchase Act!

The one redeeming feature of the Administration's handling of the authority vested by the silver legislation of 1933 and 1934 is the fact that Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., has not chosen to employ the full inflationary effect of the laws. Even at that, the Treasury's money transactions have a taste of the utility

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valuation "write-ups" which Mr. Roosevelt has deplored at such great length.

Since the monetary value of silver is fixed by law at $1.29 per ounce, the Treasury could issue money to that amount for each ounce of silver it purchases. The difference between the sum paid by the Treasury for silver and the amount of its monetary value, quite a span in the case of foreign silver which has been bought for around forty-three cents per ounce, is called seigniorage or, in the layman's language, "book profit."

In the case of domestic silver the Treasury has been carrying on its statements as "receipts" the seigniorage on the domestic silver purchases, a tidy sum, but nothing compared to what the book profit on the foreign purchases comes to. In the case of the foreign silver purchases under the Silver Purchase Act the Treasury has not used the full amount of the monetary value for currency purposes, although it has the power to issue money against each ounce to the full extent of $1.29. Thus, by an act of discretion, the Secretary of Treasury has kept millions of dollars of inflationary currency out of the credit system.

To individual citizens hard put for funds, it would be a simple solution to put one dollar down in the bank book for each fifty cents possessed. Simple but unlawful. However, that is what the Treasury has the power to do with the silver bought from domestic producers. In the case of the foreign silver at the forty-three cent price, the book profit amounts roughly to eighty-six cents, and on 1,180,000,000 ounces the seigniorage would come to more than $150,000,000!

Under the Thomas amendment and the Silver Purchase Act the Treasury has been paying the domestic silver producer a bounty of from twenty-one cents to more than thirty cents an ounce for silver, owing to the dis-

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crepancy between the two prices which the Treasury has maintained for the two classes of silver it buys. This may be very lovely for the silver mining interests, but it should prove disturbing to the rest of the population who pay the bill. To say the least it is a preferential bounty — the favoring of one small element in the country to the detriment of all others.

The silver producers are just as much aware of this situation as their critics, and they have had the foresight to take steps to put their own house in order. Mr. Roosevelt overlooked this group of business men in his speeches admonishing industrial groups to be more self-sufficient. They are not only planning for the inevitable day when there will be no more Federal bounty for domestic silver, but a few of them seem actually to desire a hastening of that day so that silver might, for once, stand on its own feet.

They reason this way. Silver is one of the most useful metals, industrially. If its price could find its own level this use would be encouraged. If the industry, in the meantime, can discover new industrial uses for silver, all the better.

Lawrence Addicks, adviser to one of the large mining companies, addressed the Mining and Metallurgical Society of America in January, 1936, on this point, saying that there was no excuse for the fixed idea that silver was too expensive for widespread industrial use. He said:

> I always think of the experience that the paleontologists had a good many years ago when they put their first fossils together. They had the preconceived idea that they were dealing with something of the nature of a rhinoceros, and so they hunted around for a horn. They mounted it in an appropriate place when they found it. Four or five years later, when they knew a lot more about their subject, they discovered it was more like a

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> turtle, and what they had selected for the horn was really the thumb. During those five years, that skeleton had been looking down at them with its thumb in its nose.

And so, the producers are discovering, silver was in effect having the laugh on industry and producers during all the years it was shelved. In 1934 the producers, uniting their resources, put two fellows at work in the National Bureau of Standards to find out just what was known about industrial uses of silver, and where the prospects lay. On the basis of their report, the producers inaugurated the American Silver Producers' Research project last year, and in March of this year decided to carry it on for another twelve months. The fifteen fellowships established in 1937 produced some hopeful results, and with another year to go the scientists may find in the end that silver offers the way to get millions back to work. In fact, this kind of research to expand industrial employment through discoveries of new ways of serving humanity offers one of the sure long-range methods of attacking the country's economic woes, a fact which is recognized in H.R. 7643, a bill providing for Federal subsidies for research as a step to recovery.

A strange thing about the silver mining industry in the United States, in view of the proportions of the clamor raised by the Silver Bloc, is that sixty per cent of the nation's silver production comes as a by-product. Mines producing silver exclusively are few and far between. In fact, it is a scientific actuality that silver rarely appears in its native state. The greatest part of the world's silver is not obtained from silver minerals but from lead, copper, and zinc ores in which it is an "accidental constituent." Therefore, the domestic silver subsidy provided by the Treasury pays for a by-product in the main, and silver mined in silver mines only incidentally.

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When the price of silver drops to a certain level, say twenty-five cents, it no longer pays the people who mine silver exclusively to continue operations. Thus, when the silver subsidy ends it is very likely that one of the first things to happen will be a closing of the silver mines. The producers backing the research project, all being by-product producers, are hopeful that the industrial demand resulting from their research will consume the by-product silver now produced. They are not worrying, apparently, about the few who mine silver exclusively. And it is no doubt reasonable that mines dependent upon a government subsidy for their existence should be closed. If and when the industrial demand becomes sufficient, they can reopen.

To summarize briefly in conclusion, the American by-product silver producers are demonstrating that they can work out their own destiny. Should the domestic subsidy's possible ending in 1939 be accompanied by repeal or amendment of the Silver Purchase Act, silver will then be able to go it alone. There will most certainly be some price fluctuations at first. If the Treasury should dump its silver reserves on the market there might even be disaster. But assuming a reasonable termination of the present silver buying mania, there is every reason to believe that a stable price would eventuate. Even should it fluctuate more than under the New Deal silver program, at least the uncertainty of what the Treasury might do next would be removed. And that uncertainty plays havoc with silver all around the world.

From the international point of view the Silver Purchase Act completely failed in its objectives of encouraging the monetary use of silver abroad and stabilizing world silver prices. True, the Treasury's foreign buying price kept on an even keel for some time after the first

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flurries occurred, but only at the expense of driving China from silver, the only large nation remaining on the silver standard, and causing monetary chaos at other points, notably in Mexico which had to demonatize her silver.

As the world situation now stands, the United States and India are the great consumers of silver for monetary purposes. The natives of India have a strange fascination for silver. They hoard it when it is cheap. They sell it when it is dear. It is a mere matter of profit incentive. But the United States alone keeps that interest alive. There would seem to be no particular reason why the citizens of the United States should amuse themselves at such a costly pastime as encouraging the silver speculation of the Indians. The little silver we need for currency purposes we already have. At least, thanks to the crazy buying policy, we have enough for that for many years to come without buying more. Buying silver for currency-needs a century or half century from now may be thrift, but to the man on the street, who votes and pays the bill, it sounds like insanity.

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Iberian Poems

ARCHER MILTON HUNTINGTON

GRAVES OF ITALICA

Those months we opened sixty graves,
Blowing the Roman dust away,
To gather fragments that had held
Loved memories of a faded day.

There lay the ring upon her breast,
Just where her faded hands had crossed,
The golden presence of her soul —
But not the gold of earth — was lost.

Time had been kind to leave her there,
Wrapped in the love of other dead,
But we, less generous, could take
The last poor shelter from her head.

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HANNIBAL

Out of the press of the dead,
From the battle he came;
He called upon her name,
The goddess in red.

The goddess of wind-blown hair,
On her golden throne,
Sitteth alone
On her throne of despair.

She taketh in her hand
A cup of desert sand.
"You have fought," she said,
"You have bled;
Now, men shall tell your story;
Drink this, it is Glory."

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ROCINANTE

When truth outwears, and withered fact grows cold,
When knowledge stales with plundered wisdom's gold,
Come gather in the garden of delight
And journey with the mock Manchegan Knight.
Here, in a curtained pleasance of the mind,
The sumptuous cenotaph to honor find
Raised by the god of laughter; he who hears
May scarce discern his merriment for tears.

Can truth or history such beauty keep
As vast reality of visions deep?
Shall deeds of Caesar or Napoleon ring
More true than Don Quixote's vaporing?
Hath winged Pegasus more nobly trod
Than Rocinante stumbling up to God?

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GODOY

He wore the cloak of grandeur. It was bright
With stolen promises and colors thin,
But now and then the wind — the wind of night —
Raised it and showed the broken thing within.

Somewhere perchance upon a lonely sea
The island of lost honors lies forgot,
Where like dead flowers scattered on the lea
They lie and rot.

The lonely honors that were pinned in pride
Upon achievement, still like flowers gleam;
The sands will hide them where they slowly died
Along time's stream.

Beneath the moon their spirits surely rise
To chant a prayer to memory that fled,
Wailing to be remembered, those sad eyes
Gaze on the dunes that slowly hide the dead.

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EUSKALERRIA

These are the Basques.
Born in the deep valleys of time
They come
Wrapped in the cloak of immemorial mystery,
Speaking the fierce tongue
Of these threatening hills,
Cadenced to stormy waters,
Sharp as the daggers of winter.
Like a woven garment of mail
They are draped across the mountains,
In France and Spain — but ever they are Basques.

They know not fatigue,
And their laughter
Is like the murmur of waters
Under blue crackling ice of the mountains.

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Roland they knew
And sang to him with steel.
They heard his echoing olifant and laughed,
And Charlemagne could not save him.
These are the Basques.

Strong are the Basques,
Wine they love and brave women
And the surges of the seven seas.
On the bottoms of the deathless oceans
Lie the bodies of Basques,
Still listening in the cloak of waters
To the beloved overdrifting storms,
Sailors who loved the desperate waves
Because their hearts were seas of passion.
Strong are the Basques.

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THE TALL MEN OF NAVARRA

Have you seen the tall men of Navarra?
With their headbands and *alpargatas*,
With their great woven shawls,
And their broad red sashes,
And the grim *navajas* stuck from edge to edge,
And their straight, hard mouths of mountaineers?

Through each of their high valleys flows a stream,
A stream which sings of war and desperate deeds,
How often have those streams sung of battle!
How often have they lost the blue cold color
Of pure minstrel waters of the hills!
How often in their murmur ran the sob
That only blood can give — the blood of battles!

From the mountains of Urbasa and the high places of
Andia,
Down into the plain of turreted Murillo,
From Huesca to Guipuzcoa,
From Ebro to Velate's portal,
Walk the tall men of Navarra,
Bearing the stately honors of defenders,
Decked with the legends of little wars
And stained with the grime of tortured days,
The tall men of Navarra!

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MUSICA EN LA IGLESIA

The splendid song in the high, carved *coro*
Rose as a storm in tree-tops.
Yet the boy slept.
He did not hear the ancient words,
Carven of usage, painted in passionate faith.

From its fretted niche,
Out of the silleria's shadows dim,
Polished by the hands of faded centuries,
The little saint came slowly walking down
A silver sunbeam.

He turned and smiled.
The boy rose up and followed, and they passed
Into the street ablaze of southern sun.
Nor any noticed.
And the thunderous voice of the *coro*
Sang of death.

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Radio's Music

PHILIP KERBY

WHEN Henry Lee Higginson and his associates founded the Boston Symphony years ago they did so with the announced intention of establishing a permanent organization of musicians, picked from the finest orchestras in the world, whose performances of the works of great masters and contemporary composers would raise the standards of musical appreciation in this country. Although Boston was always considered the hub of this orchestra's activities, several trips to nearby cities were made throughout the season. Gradually Boston Symphony Hall took on the aspects of a shrine, not only in the eyes of the Boston Brahmins but also for all visitors.

Through the years the original purpose of the founders was being realized, though slowly, but on the day that radio cast off its swaddling clothes and openly announced that the performances of the Boston Symphony would be broadcast this original purpose was vastly accelerated. The first concert broadcast in 1927 over coast-to-coast networks was a success. Even Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, the taciturn conductor, was amazed at the overwhelming response. Any shouts of "sacrilege!" voiced by the inhabitants of Beacon Street and Louisburg Square were drowned out by the thump of mail sacks bringing praise.

Although other concerts by orchestras here and abroad had been previously broadcast, nevertheless the performance of Dr. Koussevitzky's men carried something over the air waves besides balanced symphony. That "something" was approval of the medium. Radio offered new kingdoms of musical riches for the multitude.

In the same year, 1927, the Radio Corporation of

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America instituted a weekly broadcast of music appreciation, designed for a juvenile audience. Dr. Walter Damrosch, who had relinquished his baton after more than forty years as conductor of the New York Symphony, was persuaded to forego his retirement to direct this program. During the past eleven years its audience has increased seven times and today has a weekly enrollment of seven million pupils and is required curricula in over seventy thousand schools and colleges. According to recent surveys there are approximately another four million adults that tune in on these music appreciation hours.

First, simple melodies are played which later are interpolated as themes from some of the greatest symphonies. It suddenly becomes a game in the mind of the youthful listener, who acquires his three musical B's — Bach, Beethoven and Brahms — with much greater ease than the three R's. Desire to imitate sounds coming over the air accounts for the child's sudden interest in picking out the opening bars of the Chorale of Beethoven's Ninth on the family piano . . . when wild horses could not have dragged him to practise his five finger exercises.

The effectiveness of this and other similar programs has undoubtedly had a cumulative influence over the music appreciation habits of the nation during the past decade. For certainly the attitude of the public toward the standard classics has undergone a complete turnaround, and the blatant jazz of 1920 is laughable today. If you do not believe it, find some friend who collects old phonograph records and get him to play over some of the favorites of ten years ago. The listening public gradually tired of the monotony of the repetitive old jazz forms, and the present popular music style, as exemplified by the compositions of George Gershwin, Jerome Kern and Vincent Youmans, has educated the ear to increasingly so-

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phisticated harmonic structures. Whatever you may think of swing, Benny Goodman has brought to popular music a virtuosity on the clarinet which many symphonic instrumentalists envy. Classical musicians will also tell you that Tommy Dorsey's tone on the trombone knows no peer either in symphony or jazz. Ross Gorman's clarinet glissando in the opening bars of a *Rhapsody in Blue* was a technical feat never heard in the realm of concert music.

In addition, it must be remembered, both radio transmission and reception have been made more exact during the past twelve years. Normal hearing of the average adult extends from about sixteen cycles to about seventeen thousand, although the acuity of some persons extends as high as twenty-one thousand cycles. In 1926–27 the majority of radio stations could only transmit from approximately one hundred to five thousand cycles, and commercial radio sets could receive approximately from one hundred and fifty to three thousand cycles. Today large broadcasting stations transmit from approximately thirty to eight thousand cycles and sets receive from approximately fifty to six thousand cycles. With middle C on the piano at one hundred and twenty-eight cycles it will be noted that broadcasting both upper and lower registers has been improved — transmission keeping ahead of reception, as it should.

Because of the radio grand opera is no longer the prerogative of the wealthy intelligentsia. It takes its place in strict competition for favor along with the latest "torch" song.

The broadcasting of opera was not insurmountable in spite of the mechanical difficulties of correlating actions across a vast stage and picking up the voice with the same clarity from many different locations. But if an operatic performance were to be broadcast from the War Memo-

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rial Opera House in San Francisco, the Civic Opera in Chicago, or the Metropolitan in New York, how could it be done without distracting the attention of the audience, or more important still, the singers?

Back in 1930 a small group of engineers and sound technicians set about making experiments with the Civic Opera. First only the arias were attempted, later whole acts and finally the complete opera. These experiments were not heard on the air but were piped to the central control room where another group of broadcasting officials sat in solemn judgment. With each succeeding month the performances became better, but in the opinion of a jury of musicians they were by no means adequate to be broadcast over a network. In the end special equipment had to be invented.

The new microphones and faders were in advance of equipment that had been tried before, so in the fall of 1931, immediately after the opening of the opera season Mr. Gatti-Casazza, impressario of New York's Metropolitan, was approached for permission to broadcast. At first he turned a deaf ear to all pleas, feeling that the public would get a wrong impression if the transmission were faulty. The new inventions were explained at length. In the spirit of "having done with this nonsense once and for all," he agreed to listen to a test. He selected Puccini's *Butterfly* which was to be given three days hence, and turned over Box 44 of the Grand Tier for the installation of sound and control equipment.

For three days and nights the engineers and sound technicians worked with only brief snatches of sleep. Microphones were concealed in the footlights near the prompter's box, high up in the flies out of sight of the audience, or swung on cables from below the proscenium. A direct telephone wire connected the opera box with

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the Board of Directors' room of the broadcasting company a mile and a half away. There sat Mr. Gatti and several conductors of the Metropolitan staff. Instead of a bell, a small light flashed on and off in the opera box to summon the program director, the control man or the commentator to the telephone.

The house lights dimmed as the first strains of Puccini's overture were taken up by the strings. With head-phones glued tightly to his ears the sound mixing engineer began his task of piping the opera to the jury. Three times during the course of the afternoon the little tell-tale light flashed. "More voice and less orchestra" was the command. Delicate needles on the control panel fluttered back and forth as dials were turned and adjusted, as the voices of the singers were picked first from one microphone and then from another, and finally during a choral ensemble from all microphones together. The house lights went up and the audience dispersed.

There was no word from the Board of Directors' room. The technicians and engineers in Box 44 believed they had failed. Only once during the long last act had the light flashed, and the request was for "still more voice, please." Off came the head-phones. Tired hands began slowly to pack up equipment. Suddenly the tell-tale light flashed. "Mr. Gatti is enthusiastic over test. Grants permission for regular weekly broadcasts. Congratulations to everybody!"

The first historic broadcast over a nationwide network occurred on Christmas Day 1931. Very appropriately the opera was *Haensel und Gretel*. It is one thing to describe the simple action of an old German folk tale over the air and something quite different to interpret grand opera to an audience of millions. Humperdinck's delightful fairy tale won many new friends judging from the thousands upon

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thousands of letters received by the Metropolitan, the broadcasting company and the singers themselves.

Recent independent surveys have indicated that the Saturday matinee air audience may run as high as twelve million listeners, particularly for such old favorites as *Il Trovatore*, *Tosca*, *Manon*, *La Bohème*, and *Butterfly*. Seven hundred known listening groups have sprung up all over the country. Last year these opera broadcasts were transmitted for the first time by short wave to South America, Europe and Asia. The additional response was immediate. Radiograms poured in from the Antipodes and Australia while the opera was still in progress. From her home in Oslo, Mme. Flagstad's mother hears the distinguished Kirsten. A special commentator in Spanish was requested for the South American audience.

The Metropolitan Opera Guild took over the task of supplying additional information by mail to the many hundreds of inquiries that were received. They came from groups of miners in Wilkes-Barre, cowpunchers listening in the Buffalo Bill museum at Cody, Wyoming, trappers in the Canadian wilds and apple growers along the Columbia river. Before long the task became too large for any single agency to handle, so, on Thursdays, a supplementary program of fifteen minutes was broadcast. This included a brief biography of the composer, the story of the opera itself, and a few outstanding historical facts about previous performances and stars who had sung the roles before. A recent survey of listeners brought opera within the first ten popular radio programs.

The year of 1930 saw the beginning of another important series of broadcasts. Two years after the merger of the Philharmonic Orchestra with the Symphony Society the Columbia Broadcasting System announced that twenty-seven concerts conducted by Arturo Tos-

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canini, Erich Kleiber and Bernardino Molinari would be broadcast throughout the United States over fifty-two stations, thus bringing Carnegie Hall into the living rooms of the nation. For several seasons the Philharmonic Symphony Society has been heard over the stations of the combined Columbia and Canadian networks. The listening audience has increased beyond estimate.

Since frequent hearing of music seems to create in each of us a desire to perform, it devolved upon the radio companies to instigate three other types of program. One, to encourage amateur musicians by their hearing other amateurs play favorite instruments over the air; two, actually to teach simple melodies in order that the listeners might be encouraged to pursue their studies further under private teachers; and three, to unite these musical neophytes in groups for the additional pleasure of ensemble playing.

How to teach instrument playing by means of the radio was a problem presented some three years ago to Dr. Joseph Maddy of the music department of the University of Michigan. Dr. Maddy had won an unusual reputation for music methodology. His crusade for more and better music in the public schools of America had brought him into the forefront of academic musical discussion, particularly in the deliberations of the National Music Educators Conference. He spent the greater part of a year working out a series of weekly radio programs at the National Music Camp which was established under his auspices at Interlochen, Michigan.

This program went on the air under the title of *Dr. Maddy's Band Lessons*. In it he advocated the formation of bands by all public schools, bands for villages and bands for towns. Books containing simple exercises and explaining the purpose of each particular instrument in ensemble

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playing were prepared by Dr. Maddy and sold over the network at cost. Using the instruments in the radio broadcasting studio to indicate good tonal production and to sound the correct notes for simple themes, Dr. Maddy gave instruction to hundreds of individuals and student classes throughout the country. A letter from a salesman in the Midlands stated that the writer was frequently forced to travel long distances between towns in his car. When the program was announced on his radio he would pull up alongside the road, close the windows in his car, stick the instruction book on the steering wheel, unlimber his trombone from its case and "toot for dear life in tune with Dr. Maddy!" Recently more instruments have been included, simple voice exercises added and the program now goes under the title of *Fun in Music.*

The third step in musical education was called the *Home Symphony Programme.* Its purpose is to unite amateur musicians in ensemble playing. Under the able direction of Ernest La Prade, for many years a member of the string section of the New York Philharmonic, musically inclined neighbors gather and play with the radio orchestra. Sometimes the programs include movements of the best known symphonies; other times one of the shorter symphonies in its entirety; and again practise hours for the more difficult passages which are correctly played and explained by Mr. La Prade, who acts in the dual capacity of orchestra leader and teacher.

Youth and American Music is the title of a program which has presented some of the outstanding choruses, college glee clubs and choirs. It is directed primarily to the youth of the nation to encourage more vocal music in secondary schools and colleges. Frequent elimination contests are held between competing choral societies for the distinction and honor of broadcasting over a coast-to-coast

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network. Among the best known professional choirs which have sung over the air are: The Westminster Choir; The Gothic Choristers; Choirs of the Tuskeegee and Hampton Institutes; the Amphion Male Chorus; Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir; Wiener Saenger Knaben; St. Olaf's Choir; Schola Cantorum; the Russian Cathedral Choir; the Oratorio Society of New York.

During the past decade the picture has changed completely with regard to public concerts by individual artists and symphony orchestras, largely due to radio's influence in popularizing the finer art forms of music. Today the public wishes both to see and hear in person the artist heard on the air waves and will spend approximately twelve million dollars at the box office for the privilege. Of this amount New York's share is about two million dollars. These totals are computed from bookings made by local concert managers in all parts of the country. The increase in individual concerts and recitals by artists is partly due to subscription courses. This course system increases the number of artists engaged by the various cities during the season. There has been also an increase of ten per cent in the number of cities operating on the civic concert basis. These cities range in size from Long View, Texas, with 5,000 population to St. Louis with 821,000. The largest civic audience is boasted by Worcester, Massachusetts, which has a permanent audience of 3,900 and more than 2,000 on its waiting list. Twenty-five new cities have organized the civic concert courses this year, the largest number of additions since the Civic Concert Service was organized fifteen years ago.

Worcester's course which costs $16,350 is the most ambitious, with St. Louis coming second with a $10,500 course. Winston-Salem and Jamestown are spending sixty per cent more than last season. Wichita Falls is

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increasing its talent by fifty per cent; Pawtucket by forty-seven per cent, and Memphis by forty per cent.

There has been a great demand for concert artists to supplement their regular recital engagements by added radio appearances. One concert singer's radio earnings have totalled $44,350 in the past twelve months and five others have broadcasting fees running into five figures. Eighteen have more than doubled their income by appearing before the microphone.

Kirsten Flagstad made six appearances during the 1936–37 concert season; Gladys Swarthout, sixteen; Lauritz Melchior, nine; Marion Talley, forty-seven; Mischa Levitzki, five; Efrem Zimbalist, eight; Elisabeth Rethberg, four; Ezio Pinza, five; Mario Chamlee, four; with two or more appearances for Martinelli, Queena Mario, Marion Anderson, the Vienna Choir Boys, Marjorie Lawrence, Henri Deering and single appearances by a large number of others.

Ten years ago Edgar's *Salut d'Amour* and Chopin's E-Flat Nocturne meant classical music to the public. The story is different today. The radio has acquainted millions of listeners with the works of Beethoven and Bach. The concert audience is demanding whole programs devoted exclusively to the works of a single master — a step forward in the maturity of American music lovers, which concert managers can only explain by the fact that radio broadcasting has elevated public taste.

Today radio is offering tangible inspiration to the young composer, not only by playing his original work before a vast audience but also by substantial money awards in competitions and commissions. In 1931 NBC held a contest for original orchestral compositions. Ten thousand dollars in prizes were won by Philip James, Max Wald, Carl Eppert, Florence Galajikian and Nikolai

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Berezowsky. In 1936 the Columbia Broadcasting System asked a non-partisan committee to pick six distinguished American composers to write original compositions for radio. Those selected were Aaron Copeland, Howard Hanson, Roy Harris, Walter Piston, William Grant Still and Louis Gruenberg, whose original radio opera, *Green Mansions*, was played over the air for the first time in October 1937. A second commission of six composers was picked by CBS in 1937 and included Quincy Porter, Robert Russell Bennett, Leo Sowerby, Jerome Moross, R. Nathaniel Dett and Vittorio Giannini. The first five have been placed at liberty to write any form they please, but Mr. Giannini is to write a practical radio opera to be produced within a half-hour broadcast. Likewise in 1937 NBC commissioned the young Gian Carlo Menotti to compose an opera of an hour's duration.

Judged solely by the initial outlay, radio advertising is the most expensive form there is. No manufacturer is going to sanction such an outlay, even though he reach the largest possible potential audience, unless he receives immediate tangible proof of its worth. The commercial advertiser, per se, is not in the business of educating public taste. He builds a program with the sole object of entertaining the type of person who should be interested in, and can afford to buy his product. If, for example, you were interested in selling more motor cars, cigarettes or paint, which would you use, the latest "blues" singer, or a symphony orchestra? In the main advertisers voted for "blues," until Henry Ford came along.

His quixotic nature has been widely publicized but there is no better example of his paradoxical generalship than the Ford Hour. At the height of the depression he purchased one hour of radio time on Sunday evening on a coast-to-coast network. Instead of using this expensive

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time to reap immediate benefits, the hour was filled with excellent music played by an enlarged Detroit symphony. Each year Ford Hour has become increasingly popular. The Cooperative Association of Broadcasters gave it a rating of 12 this last season, which is the highest rating on the air today for classical and semi-classical music. The total cost of the Ford Hour is over one million per year. Mr. Ford must believe that good music pays in cash dividends of increased sales.

The General Motors Symphony was a close runner-up with a rating of 10.3. But not only motor cars are sold through the influence of good music, to the tune of over $2,000,000. Chesterfield cigarettes employs an orchestra and guest stars from the Metropolitan. Sherwin-Williams Paint Company broadcasts weekly auditions for aspirants for the Metropolitan Opera company. A group of American banks sponsors a weekly series by the Philadelphia symphony orchestra. A cold cream manufacturer and a proprietary medicine have engaged opera stars to sing semi-classical arias over the air. In other words the taste of the American public has improved so during the last ten years that business men, looking for profit, seek the ally of great music.

Are symphony concerts as popular as jazz?

Not until the magazine *Fortune* included the name of Toscanini in the January quarterly survey was it possible to determine with any degree of accuracy what the listeners' opinions were. The following results are quoted with permission of the publishers of *Fortune* in answer to the question "What kind of music do you prefer?"

Popular	42.5%
Classical	21.5%
Both	31.3%
Neither	4.7%

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Have you ever heard of Arturo Toscanini?

Yes 39.9
No 40.1

Of those who said that they had heard of Toscanini, seventy-one per cent identified him correctly as a symphony leader. Briefly these figures mean that more than one half of the people in the United States like to listen to classical music and more than one fourth can identify Toscanini. *Fortune* finds that 88.1 per cent of all United States homes including more than half the Negro homes have radios. It is safe to say that though half the United States likes classical music most people do not like it to the exclusion of the other kind. Its chief popularity is to be found among the well-to-do and on the eastern and western coast and in cities of over one million population. The finding was amply checked by a direct question, "Do you like to listen to classical music on the radio, such as the Ford Hour or the Metropolitan Opera?" The answer was "yes, 62.5 per cent. No, 37.5 per cent." No less than 42.7 per cent of the people would like to hear more music of any kind on the radio, 34 per cent think there is just enough, 13.7 per cent would like more of some kinds, less of others, and 3.2 per cent don't know.

When sufficient time has elapsed to obtain a proper perspective someone will write a comprehensive treatise on the difficulties attendant upon forming a new symphony orchestra. Negotiations leading up to Toscanini's change of heart to return to America after his "very final" farewell concert with the New York Philharmonic have been repeatedly told. Samuel Chotzinoff, celebrated music critic and an old friend of Toscanini, was sent to Italy by David Sarnoff, chairman of the board of NBC, to induce the Maestro to return to this country. At first Toscanini refused to consider such a proposal. The re-

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markable opportunity, however, of playing for a world audience touched his sympathy and he finally consented to come for only ten concerts at the reputed figure of four thousand dollars a concert, with income tax paid by the company. After his arrival he was prevailed upon to give an eleventh concert.

Actual selection of the personnel was completed late in the summer from a list of over seven hundred applicants and the first rehearsals began. Artur Rodzinski, conductor of the Cleveland Symphony was selected by Maestro Toscanini as drillmaster for this new organization. Musicians agree that two factors are necessary to produce a truly great orchestra. First, individual musicians who are artists in their profession and second, complete coordination under fine conductors. In the formation of this newest symphony, both requisites were produced. After the men were rehearsed several times weekly for two months, preliminary concerts were played over the air, under Rodzinski's direction and also under the leadership of Pierre Monteux.

Toscanini arrived about two weeks before Christmas. Rehearsals were held behind locked doors, and daily the press was fed with little romantic details to whet the appetite for a Toscanini première. Iconoclasts prophesied a let-down. No conductor unless perhaps the immortal Franz Liszt himself could ever hope to equal the public's anticipation. The iconoclasts, however, were wrong.

Musical history was made on Christmas night 1937 when Toscanini stepped to the podium of the largest studio in Radio City and raised his white baton to conduct the first full-sized, permanent, radio symphony orchestra. Although larger symphony orchestras have broadcast from Radio City, notably the four-hundred-piece orchestra that played in 1933 under Arthur Bodan-

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sky, Dr. Walter Damrosch, Bruno Walter and Fritz Reiner when NBC held open house in its new home, no orchestra ever played to a greater audience. In addition to being transmitted over both NBC combined networks it was also sent by short wave to Europe, South America, Asia and the Antipodes.

On that opening night Toscanini drew forth music from ninety-five virtuosi that made all other symphony playing pale by comparison. Under his inspired guidance every man played better than he knew how. It was an emotional experience seldom equaled in a lifetime. As the final crescendo of the Brahms finale throbbed and died it was followed by an instant of spellbound silence. The studio audience remained motionless, fearing that a breath might shatter the spell. Then pandemonium broke loose. A tired little white haired man turned and bowed, smiled, then bowed again several times. He turned back and motioned the orchestra to rise and accept the tribute with him. Mischa Mischakoff, the concert master, tucked his fifty thousand dollar "Strad" under his arm and said something to the Maestro. Both smiled. Toscanini stepped down from the podium and moved swiftly to the tuning room out of sight.

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My Author's League with Mark Twain

DOROTHY QUICK

When Dorothy Quick was a child of eight long years, she met Samuel Clemens on a boat returning from England where the American writer had gone to receive a degree from Oxford University. Mark Twain's heart went out to her, partially because she had already read and remembered every story he had written. For a few years after this happy meeting, until he died, Mark Twain kept the little girl by his side as much as he could. She stayed with him twice in Tuxedo Park where he had rented a house to rest and write, in New York City, and in Redding, Connecticut. Now Miss Quick has written her memories of this charming companionship. We are publishing her description of the end of one visit to him at Tuxedo, and some of his letters to her after her return. The letters are printed for the first time with the permission of the Mark Twain Company, the estate of Samuel L. Clemens, and Harper and Brothers.

I THINK the most outstanding moments of my visit were those I spent, quiet as a mouse, listening to Mr. Clemens dictate. He didn't mind having an audience. In fact, he was so absorbed in what he was doing that half the time he did not know I was there.

I would tiptoe in and sit in the far corner of the room and watch and listen to him. The watching would be equally as fascinating as the listening; in fact more so as I didn't know the connected threads of the story he was weaving and though the patches were interesting and amusing, as any sentence of his was sure to be, the manner in which they were delivered was even more so.

Nothing interfered with the steady flow of his thought.

Mr. Clemens would walk up and down the room while he was dictating as though he were talking conversationally rather than creating a story. He would pace

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back and forth, his hands behind his back, speaking continuously in his slow drawling way. Often he would say things that the stenographer would think were just funny little by-comments on the story, but which he meant to be in the completed manuscript. Thinking they were Mr. Clemens' personal observations, the stenographer would leave them out of the script.

Later, when he had finished dictating and turned to correcting the typed manuscript of the work of the day before, he would discover this and break out into fiery explosions. His anger would last several minutes and then he would calm down very suddenly and dismiss it entirely from his mind.

He had a very difficult time getting it through his stenographers' heads that *every* word he said must go in the story and that they mustn't do any deleting.

One morning when I had overslept and came down too late for the dictation, I found him out on the round porch correcting his manuscript. He was seated on a wicker chair with the pages on his lap and his ever-ready fountain pen in his hand. I have never seen him with a pencil. He always wrote his corrections on the margins of his manuscript in ink. A fountain pen was as much a part of his life as his cigars were. He always had one or the other in his hand.

This morning, when I saw him sitting there working, I tiptoed away and got my camera and tiptoed back and snapped two photographs of him as he corrected his manuscript.

I took them just in time, too, for he had barely read more than a few lines on a fresh page when he got up and threw the manuscript down on the chair.

"That girl's done it again!" he exclaimed, and would have followed the exclamation with much more ex-

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pressive language, only just at that moment he caught sight of me standing in the doorway and "toned it down considerably," as he said later. But he did remark that the stupidity of stenographers was the bane of his life, during a long discourse on the subject in which he worked off a good deal of steam even though he did watch his adjectives.

I've often wondered if this difficulty of making his stenographers understand that nothing he said must go unrecorded was why he took to writing himself, instead of dictating, because after Tuxedo I never heard him dictate. In both New York and Redding he wrote his own stories by hand. . . .

I had had five glorious days at Tuxedo. But at last it came time to go home. The four manuscript boxes which contained the butterflies collected during my visit were carefully tied up; my bags were packed and all my little stories put away to be shown to Mother at the same time I told her the news that Mark Twain had said I was going to be an author some day. The photographs I had taken were safely locked in my best bag as the most precious part of my luggage.

A jigger came puffing to the door and Mr. Clemens and I climbed aboard, followed by his Secretary who was taking me down to New York where Mother was going to meet me. We were quite early arrivals at the station so Mr. Clemens and I sat on one of the long benches to wait for the train.

We were both silent and in a few minutes I believe I should have been crying. I was just on the verge of tears at the idea of parting from my friend when a turtle saved me from making an exhibition of myself. Quite unconscious of being a rescuer, it crawled across the platform directly in front of where we were sitting. Mr.

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Clemens spied him first and said, "Now, there comes an addition to your menagerie."

The turtle was captured by him without much difficulty. Then, while paper, string and box were being secured, he picked it up. By this time the turtle had retreated into its shell. Mr. Clemens took out his fountain pen and wrote the date and his own name across his back. On the light tan with green markings, his signature showed plainly. "What are you going to call it?" he asked when he had finished writing.

Only the night before Mr. Clemens had told me how when he was in the publishing business he had brought out General Grant's book and made a tremendous sum of money for Mrs. Grant. He had enlarged on what a wonderful man the General was; how, while literally dying of a painful affliction, he had held on to life by sheer will power long enough to finish the book of his memoirs so that there would be a nest egg to secure the future of his family. "I admired his spunk, his stick-to-itiveness in the face of such terrible odds more than anything I've ever come across," he had said. It was all very fresh in my mind so I gave the turtle the first name that came into my head.

"I'm going to call it General Grant."

"Now, there's a good name!" Mr. Clemens exclaimed.

By this time the box had arrived. We punched it full of air holes and deposited General Grant within, and then wrapped him up — one more package to go down to New York.

General Grant didn't stay with me long. I carried him home safely and proudly displayed him to all my friends who, I must confess, were infinitely more interested in the autograph he bore than in General Grant himself.

Unfortunately, the General never developed an affec-

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tionate disposition like my other pets. I had had the turtle less than a week when in an unguarded moment it strayed away. "Turtles are not cut out for household companions," Mr. Clemens said by way of consolation, "and General Grant, like his illustrious namesake, preferred to strike out for himself."

Nevertheless, I felt very badly over the General's loss. Turtles live a long time and somewhere in New Jersey General Grant is probably still crawling about with a very precious autograph, "S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain)" upon his back. I have always felt that for poetic justice, General Grant will some day return to me, and I still closely regard the shells of any turtles I come across — especially in New Jersey.

We had hardly tied General Grant up in his box that summer day in Tuxedo, when there came the warning hoot of the railroad train. . . .

The very day after I had returned home I received a letter from Mark Twain.

Tuxedo Park,
Friday Evening.

Dorothy dear,

One of these days I am going to write you a letter the first time I write my other children, but not now, for I haven't anything to do and I can't write letters except when I am rushed.

I went to bed as soon as you departed, there being nothing to live for after that, and the sunshine all gone. How do you suppose I am going to get along without you? For five hours this has been a dreary place, a sober and solemn place, a hushed and brooding and lifeless place, for the blessed spirit of youth has gone out of it and left nothing that's worth while. Aren't you sorry for me, you fresh breeze blown from fragrant fields of flowers? I thought this was a home. It was a superstition. What is home without a child? Particularly a home that's had such a child as you in it. It isn't a home at all, its merely a wreck. *Now* I hope you see what you've done by going away, you little witch.

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Its odd: this morning I dated that "recommend" [To Dorothy's mother, because she had been a good girl] August 5 instead of 9. I think it is because you seemed to have been here only one day — just one short beautiful day — without a break in it. I am very grateful to your Mother for loaning you to me, you dear sweet child. I am aware that you can't come again in August but I hope you can come after Sept. 2nd and stay a *whole* week, not a broken one. I mean to expect it and count upon it and I do hope I shall not have to make any engagements that would interfere.

Are you an idol? I suspect it, for I know you have left a lot of idolators behind you in this house, of whom the very principalest one is the undersigned.

Please give my kindest regards to all your household.

S.L.C.

At the time my letter came, Mother received one from him in which he said: "Every day and hour of her brief stay Dorothy was a delight and a blessing and every night it cost me a pang to let her go to bed," and finished up with how pleased he had been that I hadn't been homesick, as they had been afraid I might be. "Homesickness," he wrote, "is a dreadful malady. I can still remember the nostalgia of it after all these years."

In this letter he also made the arrangements for my next visit which was planned for September 3. As I didn't want to be away from Mother on my birthday, which was the first day of the month, we chose the nearest date to it.

A day or two later another note came.

Tuxedo Park, New York
Sunday, Aug. 11.

This isn't a letter, Dorothy Dear. Yet I know I ought to write you a letter because I said I would write you every time I wrote the other children, and I've just finished a letter to Clara. But I never *could* keep promises very well. However, I shall certainly write you a letter before very long.

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I wrote to Clara:

"When Dorothy went away she took the sun and the moon and the constellations with her and left silence and solitude and night and desolation behind her."

And *that's* a true word, if ever *I've* spoken a true word!

Thursday, 15th. I have been away several days but am home again — and no Dorothy! And so I go mourning around, like an old cat that's lost her kitten. But you are coming soon again and that is a large comfort to me. You are the best reader of your age I have yet encountered, and when I finish teaching you and drilling you, you will read still better than you do now. It's a great accomplishment, a very great and very rare accomplishment and *I'm* the expert that knows how to teach it! There'll be grand times in my class of one pupil, Dorothy Dear!

Thank you for your letter which was very sweet and welcome. I am glad you arrived safe — you and the other butterflies, and the turtle with the warlike name.

A wonderful thing has happened here. You remember the central bed of nasturtiums, the round one? Well, we planted some seeds there and raised a family of rabbits. The nest is under the nasturtiums in the middle of the bed. There are three little rabbits and they are about the size of mice. Their eyes are not open yet. I hope they will still be there when you come. I have named them Dorothy. One name is enough for all of them. They are so little. Your friend

SLC.

In a letter dated Wednesday, August 21, Mr. Clemens mentions both the proposed visit and my birthday.

At the top is a fascinating picture of a bee chasing something — just what, even "the gifted artist" himself wasn't quite sure.

About tomorrow or the next day there'll be a note from the same I hope containing that picture of the same and me which the same kodaked when the same was here.

I suppose you will return to Plainfield for your birthday.

That thing the bee is chasing is a dog or a rat or something of that kind, I think, but there is room for conjecture. This does not settle it. What do you think it is if you've got time.

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You are coming Tuesday, the 3rd. Now, then, *that's* settled, Lassie. Shall you be welcome? There isn't any doubt about it dear.

Afternoon

The Harpers have sent the books here. It's just as well. I will write my name in them, then forward them.

Thursday, August 22

I'm collecting old cigar belts for you against your coming — but I love you notwithstanding.

SLC

One of the letters Mr. Clemens wrote me after I left Tuxedo mentioned the butterfly hunting, which had gone on in the daytime as well as at night. The letter began with a picture of a butterfly drawn by Mr. Clemens himself.

Saturday.

Do you know what that is? It is a butterfly, drawn by the artist, the gifted artist. I am the gifted artist, self-taught.

No. I find it is a grasshopper. It is for your collection. I have nailed it to a box with pins. It took more chloroform than was good for it. And so it is "sleeping with its fathers."

Monday, A.M.

"Just a week" since I saw you! Why, you little humbug, it is over three months. Even my Secretary, who never gets anything straight but cork screws and potato peelings and things like that, concedes that it's upwards of *two* months. What is the matter with your veracity mill?

Night

It is a good idea to choose a name in advance and then fit the literature onto it when it comes. I will keep on the lookout for a fortunate name, dear. Write another little story now and send it to me. It will take you several years to learn to do a story even *tolerably* well. Attention and close observation, and ever so much tearing up and rewriting, but no matter, it's worth the trouble and no trade is ever learned well on any other terms.

Good night — it's sleep time.

SLC.

The books of which he spoke arrived shortly after his letter and although it wasn't my birthday, I couldn't re-

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sist opening the big package. There were revealed ten of Mark Twain's own books, all autographed. He had picked out the ones he thought most suitable for me — those I already knew and loved. There were *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, *Innocents Abroad*, *A Tramp Abroad*, *The Prince and The Pauper*, *Eve's Diary*, and *Joan of Arc* which of all the books he had written was not only his favorite but "the one I want to be remembered by" he had told me on the steamer; also two collections of his short stories.

I wrote Mr. Clemens how much I loved his gift and at the same time asked if I might read *The Dog's Tale*, and in reply came another of his illustrated letters.

Tuxedo Park
New York
Monday, Aug. 26/07

At last, you dear little tardy rascal! This morning I was going to stick up a notice on the back porch:

LOST CHILD!

Answers to the name of Dorothy.
Strayed, stolen or mislaid.

DISAPPEARED

on or about the 9th of August

Anyone returning this inestimably precious asset to the

SORROWING

will be richly

REWARDED

and right away this evening came your letter and takes every bit of the uneasiness out of me! I had gone to bed but my secretary brought it anyway because she knew I would break her furniture and throw all her things out of the window if she delayed it till morning.

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Very well, you have been having good times; so I am satisfied and will go to sleep now.

But wait! Where is that picture of you and me? You have forgotten it dear, but I must have it.

Tuesday

Yes. Wednesday will be perfectly convenient and we'll have you for a whole week, which is grand! Provided you don't get homesick — and we do hope you wont. We'll do our best to keep you happy and content.

My secretary will arrange about the trains with your Mother by telegraph if she can, otherwise by letter.

I've got a Birthday xxxxx for you xxx but I will keep it till you come, because it isn't the xxxx and I shall need to xxxx (*guess what it is*)

You've written me a good letter, simple, lucid, straightforward, well-expressed.

(Picture)

Flight of the rabbit family.

Alas! They have deserted us and I am so sorry. We were hoping to keep them for you and we never dreamed that they would go away and leave us. I am just as sorry as I can be.

That big one that has three ears and looks like an angel, isn't an angel at all. It is the Mother rabbit.

She isn't swimming. She is praying, praying for succor, I reckon. That is I *think* that that is her idea. No that isn't it! She is jumping — jumping over a rope, walk, or a stone wall, or something of that kind, and has bumped her stomach against it, poor thing. It is very difficult to tell what a rabbit is really trying to do, in a picture, because rabbits are so irrelevant. It is their nature when excited.

Do I mind? (That you read *The Dog's Tale.*) Indeed no. I don't mind anything you do, because you never mean any harm, and you are a dear, good child all the time.

You have written the *very letter* I was going to propose that you write; a letter telling me all about your activities and industries and enjoyments — all the things your busy hands and head find to interest themselves in. It is good practice for you, in observing and remembering and good entertainment for me be-

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cause I am fond of you and so whatever you do and think and feel interests me.

Afternoon

You are coming Tuesday! It's fine. You will reach this house at 5.30 P.M. You will most certainly be welcome.

Evening

(Picture)

Deer.

There were several of them. They came down hill from the woods above the house and stopped awhile behind the kitchen to look at the cook. You can see by their eager expression and enthusiastic delight that they had never seen a cook before. Sometimes they go down through the woods below the house to get a drink at the Lake. If ever they come into the house you must be ready, for we will have them to luncheon and then photograph them in the act.

With love and good night

SLC

I was terribly sorry to hear of the flight of the rabbit family for I had been looking forward to seeing my namesakes. But I was so intrigued over the prospect of having Deer to luncheon that it quite took the edge off my disappointment over the rabbits.

One of the stories of Mark Twain's that I had most enjoyed hearing him read aloud was that delicious satire on detectives, *The Stolen White Elephant*, over which we had laughed and laughed. I told him of my first experience at a circus when I was only four. I had been terribly frightened by the clowns with their pistols and funny antics, so at the first opportunity I slipped out of the box and later my Mother to her great amazement found the child that had screamed in terror over the harmless clowns, sitting contentedly patting one of the elephants, with an amused keeper looking on. "That was very brave of you, Dorothy," Mr. Clemens had remarked,

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"and I wouldn't have thought it of you either, the way you ran away from that caterpillar!"

"Oh, that's different. I can't stand caterpillars, and I *like* elephants," I told him very seriously. "I'd like to have an elephant for a pet if they only weren't so big."

And then the conversation had been changed and I'd forgotten all about it. But Mark Twain hadn't for on the morning of my birthday I received a wire from him.

Western Union Telegraph Company
Night Message

Miss Dorothy Quick
Plainfield, New Jersey.
I tried to get some elephants for your birthday but they charged ten thousand dollars a piece. I can get one elephant and sixteen hundred monkeys for the same money if you prefer. Telephone answer.

S.L.C.

When I returned to Tuxedo, almost the first thing he gave me was the present he had been so mysterious about in his letter and it turned out to be a small white ivory elephant!

In October I received a letter in answer to one of mine complaining that I hadn't heard from him for a whole long week, and telling me about a photograph I had sent him of myself on my way to school.

Oct. 2

It is a very good photograph, Dorothy dear, and I am very glad to have it. Wish I could have you here too. I miss you all the time. Goodness! What makes you think I have forgotten you? Indeed I haven't, but I have been so busy lately that I haven't written to my daughters and they are scolding me. I hope to do better now, and be good, for a while. It will attract attention. I like that.

I'll be back in New York just at the end of this month and

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then I hope you can come to us on Saturdays and stay over. We can have very good times together.

Oct. 3

Last night we played "Hearts" — a very good game, I think, because it is simple and doesn't require any mental labor. I wish we had thought of it when you were here. But next time we'll play it. It is more interesting than those other games.

You should see our cat. It is half grown and is gay and wise and courteous and very handsome. It has a tail at one end and two sets of legs, one set at the bow and the other at the stern and is just as astonishing in other ways.

Then he drew a picture of the cat at a very "fetching" angle. And under the picture he went on to say,

This cat is trying to look like my secretary but I think it does not succeed very well — and won't until it has had more practice. It sits up like this. Always on the same end. Everybody admires it and thinks it is full of talent.

We drove over the Wigger Pond Road and all around the lake yesterday afternoon. Remember that road? It is very beautiful now. We'll make a longer drive today. I wish you were here to go with us.

Evening

Your letter and the pictures have come, dear. The one where you are standing by my chair is the very, *very* best one of you I have ever seen and you are next best in the one where I am a nice old white-headed nigger.

That little cat caught a bird today and brought it in and it got away and flew out of the window.

There is a heavenly dog here, but he is not ours. He came down the hill on a visit and will have to be sent back. He is the long kind. With love

SLC.

And then there was a picture of the dog which ran the whole length of the page.

Although I was busy at school and with my homework,

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I hadn't forgotten the Authors' League and I still went on writing stories, keeping them to take in to Mr. Clemens when he came back to New York. One of these stories which I had worked over particularly hard, I was quite pleased with and I thought how wonderful it would be if I could get it published. If a magazine would take it and print it, how delighted SLC would be! How proud of his pupil! My knowledge of magazines was limited, but the one magazine with which I was thoroughly familiar was *St. Nicholas*, and it was running a contest for short stories by children under twelve! I wrote out the tale in my best "typewritten" handwriting and sent it in and waited with my heart in my mouth for the result.

At last the magazine arrived. I turned quickly to the contest announcements. I hadn't won a prize, so my story wasn't published, but I had won an honorable first mention for my story and there was my name, Dorothy Quick, in print for the first time. I was proud and excited over the anticipation of pleasing Mr. Clemens. I bought another copy of *St. Nicholas*, marked a red circle around my name and sent it to him.

Finally his reply came, the last letter I was to receive from him, postmarked Tuxedo.

Tuxedo Park
New York

Dorothy dear,

It is perfectly lovely here now, with brilliant skies, brilliant water, sleek as a mirror, and all the brilliant colors of the hills painted on it like a picture, and there's rabbits oh no end! They've got a nest in that tree that leans over the nasturtium bed and they scamper up and down it all day long and jabber. And as for squirrels and deer and Italians and other game, they're everywhere and nobody shoots them for it isn't allowed. I don't know why. And there are owls and cows and bears and

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nights you can hear them hooting. Sometimes they make the kind of noise a preacher makes. It is awful, but I am not afraid. The others are afraid, but I am calm and go down cellar.

I believe that that is about all the news there is, except that we leave Tuxedo the 31st to live in town, 21 Fifth Avenue, where you must come and stay over Sundays every time you can be spared.

Dearheart, you mustn't send stories to St. Nicholas yet. It is too soon. You must learn the trade first and nobody can do that without a long and diligent apprenticeship — not anything short of ten years. Write the stories — write lots and lots of them for practice — and when the Literary League gets together again we'll examine into your progress and take note of such improvement as we find.

We have a very nice thoughtful little cat and it catches snakes and brings them into the house for us to play with.

3.30 P.M. — time to get up — SLC — who misses you, dear.

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The Fugitive

MORLEY CALLAGHAN

AT MIDNIGHT Wallace was in his room in Mrs. Cosentino's house on Bank street making himself a cup of coffee when he heard a soft furtive knock on the door. He was startled because he hadn't heard anyone on the stairs. When he opened the door Anderson came in and closed the door quickly himself and stood with his winter coat collar turned up high around his ears, smiling with relief. "Quite a climb up those stairs," he said.

He leaned against the door getting his breath a moment and then as his big brown eyes shifted quickly all around the room, he stood lightly on the balls of his feet as if he were apt to disappear just as quickly as he had come. But when he saw that Wallace was glad to see him he grinned warmly and took off his hat. His hair had gone way back on his forehead and was white at the temples.

"Where did you come from, Anderson? I'm terribly glad to see you," Wallace said. He had known Anderson five years ago in Montreal when he had been doing commercial art there and Anderson had been in a stockbroker's office.

"I've been around here a little while," Anderson said.

"Have you got a place to stay?"

"No."

"Why don't you stay here with me? I can speak to Mrs. Cosentino."

"Are you sure you want me?"

"Why, I've never been so glad to see anybody," Wallace said, slapping him on the back enthusiastically and hardly noticing his shabby clothes, his peculiar pallor or his nervous movements.

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"I thought you'd be glad to see me," he said, and he grinned as he looked around the room, and then he went over to the couch and lay down with his hands behind his head and sighed contentedly.

They had a cup of coffee and Anderson talked about people they used to know and about his rich uncle in Georgia, and Wallace noticed that he talked about them as if they belonged to a time he hardly remembered. He said he was trying to sell insurance now. That started him laughing and he kept it up till he began to cough. Even when they went to bed and turned out the light he kept chuckling away to himself explaining he had no luck at all. Wallace, who couldn't sleep listening to the man snickering at his own failure began to realize that Anderson had probably been in town far longer than he had himself; he got the idea Anderson had been following him around. It was so disturbing he got up and turned on the light and went over to the couch and said: "Tell me something. How did you know I was here, Anderson?"

"I saw you on the street tonight and I tried to catch up with you," he said, looking up innocently at Wallace. "I thought you might want us to stay together. Was I right?"

"Yeah. You were right," Wallace said, and he went back to bed and couldn't sleep.

Anderson agreed to pay Mrs. Cosentino, the plump little Italian who ran the house, three dollars a week. She put another bed in the room and bit by bit he became a part of Wallace's life. He followed Wallace around everywhere, grinning happily to himself. As things picked up and Wallace got a little more work from the advertising agencies he made a few more friends, among them a radio script writer named Higgins who lived in the next block, and a shrewd blonde named Anna Grant, and late

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at night he used to go over to Higgins' place and have a glass of beer with him and listen to the radio, and on Saturdays he used to go to Anna Grant's for a cocktail. A couple of times Anderson asked him if he could come with him. After that, as though it had all been arranged, Anderson began to drop into Higgins' place by himself; he went to Anna Grant's place by himself, too, and if he didn't find Wallace there he chuckled good humoredly and explained he'd sit around and wait for him.

He ran around the streets with his hands in his pockets and his head down thinking he was going to sell a big policy at any minute. And if he did sell some trifling bit of fire insurance the whole thing was turned into a crazy celebration. Rushing out for a bottle of native wine he came tiptoeing back up the stairs with that elated but provoking snicker of his and his big brown eyes bright with surprise, and then he sat down and took off his shoes and stockings and walked around the room in his bare feet. Maybe his shoes hurt him, but it was upsetting just the same watching him padding around the room like that on a cold night looking for a glass. And when he made himself comfortable on his couch and grinned and sipped the heavy sweet wine very happily he started squenching his cigarette butts on the nearest piece of furniture.

"In God's name, man, have some respect for the furniture," Wallace shouted at him. He wanted to get rid of him now. He forgot that only two years ago he had been back on his heels himself.

"It's just a habit. I'm terribly sorry," Anderson said.

"It's a lousy habit and you've got too many of them."

"You're not going to bawl me out, are you?" he asked, looking very scared. "You don't need to bawl me out."

"I'm not bawling you out, but what's the matter with you. You give me the jitters the way you go on."

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He put his glass down and said, "It won't be like this long if you'll just wait a while. Things are getting an awful lot better. I've been talking to all kinds of people. Just you wait till the spring. I got about forty good prospects. They're coming in a bunch and I'll be lending you money." He looked so hopeful and eager it was impossible to say anything to him.

"Are you trying to dodge anybody?" Wallace asked him one day.

"Me?" he said, startled. "Nobody's looking for me."

"It's the way you go around, I guess."

"You know how you get used to doing things," he said. He hesitated, then as if confident that a fine intimacy had been established between them he said, "Maybe you've noticed that when things start getting tough people start getting tough. People you thought you could count on turn out to be pretty mean and hard. They push you around. They make you feel you ought to be ashamed and keep out of their way. I figure there's no use bumping your head. I'm lying low till I get a break. Just wait till it comes and you'll see what I mean."

"I'll wait," Wallace said.

"Thanks, you're swell," he said.

Wallace used to go out to a show with a girl and to a restaurant afterwards when he had a little money, yet no matter how happy he felt with the girl, he knew he would be irritated when he got home because Anderson would be lying there rolled up in his blanket, sipping his wine and waiting for him.

"How did it go?" he would say, sitting up eagerly.

"How did what go?" Wallace shouted.

"How did it go with the girl?" he said, pulling the blanket up to his neck as if he were never really warm.

"Listen, Anderson, why don't you get yourself a girl?"

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"Brother, am I going to," he said. "It's just what I was thinking. Just wait a few months. Say, I was talking to a guy today who said we were going to have another boom. My line'll be among the first to feel it. I was thinking about it lying here. I can feel it coming," he said and he smiled to himself with a kind of quiet but intense excitement.

Though he hadn't paid Mrs. Cosentino a cent of rent since he came there, he couldn't have been more cheerful about it. He simply changed his hours. It was always one in the morning when he tiptoed up the stairs and he was out at six before Mrs. Cosentino was up. She had no chance to abuse him and he got a laugh out of this game he played with her.

But Mrs. Cosentino said to Wallace one day, "You know, I'm getting no rent from that no good friend of yours."

"Friend of mine! Don't be silly," he said.

"No friend of yours?" she said, surprised.

He was ashamed and said quickly, "I mean we had a little quarrel. Certainly he's a friend. The truth is he gave me three dollars to give you on account. Here it is." He felt he had betrayed Anderson and it suddenly struck him that Anderson was there in his life to remind him that up until the year he had gone completely broke he had been arrogant and contemptuous of many good and simple things, and could easily become just as impatient and arrogant again.

One day his friend Anna Grant got angry and said, "You're welcome here at our place, we like you, but hasn't that terrible man Anderson any life of his own?"

"I don't know," Wallace said, "I'll ask him."

"Tell him to stop hanging around here or I'll tell him, and if I tell him he'll know I mean it," she said.

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That night Wallace waited for Anderson and said, "This is a bit complicated, but I'd like to ask you what happened to your life."

"What life do you mean?" he asked uneasily.

"The life you must have had before you went broke, the people you knew, the fun you must have had, the things you must have wanted to do when you were a kid — that life." Wallace said, impatiently.

Anderson lay on the couch, rubbing his head, and then said almost to himself, "I guess I lost it somewhere." His eyes were furtive as he waited to see how Wallace would take his answer. When he saw that he had only puzzled him he grinned and got up and brought out a bag of buns he had brought in from the corner store and sat down to eat the whole half dozen buns as though he were starving.

"It was pretty dull over at Anna's place this afternoon, didn't you notice?" Wallace began, rather tactfully.

"Dull? What's the matter with you? What do you want?" he said, chuckling over his buns.

"That crowd gets on each others' nerves. They hate each other. Didn't you notice the sour expression on Anna's face?"

"That's right, I did notice it and couldn't figure what in hell was the matter with her. I figure she had a quarrel with her boy friend."

Wallace tried again, "Aw, this is a lousy town," he said, "I'm fed up with it. I think I'll clear out and go back to Montreal."

"Clear out of here?" he said, taking the bun out of his mouth he was so surprised. "I think you're crazy. I'm just getting to like it here," and he whistled as he went out to their little kitchen in his bare feet with the light shining on his toes.

He looked dreadfully thin, yet he seemed to be doing

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nothing but eat and lie around the room wrapped up in his blanket.

Wallace used to keep a fresh loaf of bread in the place, and he liked having it, particularly on Sunday mornings when he got up late and made some toast and coffee. He noticed one morning that the bread was half gone.

"Where did the bread go?" he shouted at Anderson.

"Don't ask me," Anderson said, and Wallace knew by the frightened look on his face that he was lying.

It was very hard to catch him at first, but he seemed to grow more reckless and great chunks of the bread would disappear. One cold Sunday morning there was no loaf at all left for Wallace when he got up, and he rushed at Anderson who was sleeping on the couch and shouted at him, "Wake up you bum, wake up," and he shook him and watched his thin face rocking from side to side on the pillow. He hated him while he shook him.

"What's the matter?" Anderson said, rubbing his head.

"You took my bread again. You took it all last night and you knew I'd want it Sunday morning."

"I took a little piece."

"You took the whole loaf, crammed it into you like a pig."

"I was a little hungry last night."

"You're always hungry. You're sitting around here like a wolf all the time. That's all you do, wolf everything up and lie about it. I'm fed up with your living on me. You've wormed your way into my life."

Without looking at Wallace, Anderson got up and walked along the hall to the bathroom in his bare feet, scared like a rabbit that has been smoked out of a hole, and when he returned he said: "Do you think maybe I'd better go?"

"What do you think?" said Wallace, bitterly.

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"I think I'd better," he said, quietly, and since he had no packing to do, no bag to carry, he simply put on his coat and hat and made no noise going down the stairs.

Wallace sat there hating him, hating him not just for the loaf of bread, which was nothing, but for grafting himself into his life and bringing him one humiliation after another. But the thought of parting with him over a loaf of bread began to fill him with such shame he got dressed and rushed out looking for him. He went over to Higgins' place, he went to Anna Grant's, he asked the newsboy on the corner and the cop on the beat, but no one remembered having seen him. He began to hate himself. He got into a panic remembering the time three years ago when he himself had been light-headed from hunger, and he looked in the taverns thinking all the time of Anderson sitting alone somewhere trying to get warm and coughing, or flitting by people so quickly they didn't notice him. That night he sat up for hours longing for him to come sneaking up the stairs and forgive him.

It was two weeks before he heard that soft, furtive knock on the door, but he was waiting and he jumped out of bed and yelled out, overjoyed, "Anderson, Anderson, old pal, come on in." Filled with such an overwhelming gratitude to him for coming back that he couldn't speak, the sight of Anderson standing at the door with the shy, pleased smile on his face made him terribly happy. "Don't stand there, come in," he cried.

"I thought you'd be glad," Anderson said as he sat down on the couch and took a deep breath and looked around the room.

"Oh, you knew I'd be, and you were good to come. It was a generous thing to do."

"I was sure you'd be glad by this time," he said innocently, as he began to pull off his shoes.

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"Don't remind me of it, please. I was ashamed."

"I waited till you would be," he said, smiling.

"Please don't go on like that. Let me have my own conscience," Wallace begged him. Then he saw that he was flushed and trembling. He rushed and got him his blanket, and when he saw him pulling it up around his ears, leaving those terrible bare feet of his sticking out at the end, he knew he was sick and he whispered, "What's the matter with you?"

"It's a pain in my back, maybe my lung," he said, "I had pleurisy a couple of years ago."

"I'll get a doctor, we'll fix you up."

"I don't think so," he said. "For God's sake don't go phoning a doctor this late at night."

"Why?"

"He might get sore."

"Let him get sore. To hell with him."

"No, listen, Wallace, I wanted to tell you you were right."

"What about?"

"The bread."

"Please, please don't mention that now. You wouldn't be sick if it weren't for that bread."

"Yes, I would. Thanks. Look, don't tell anyone about the bread, will you. Promise?"

Wallace promised and sat at the foot of the couch sharing that old peculiar intimate secret with Anderson, who was breathing very heavily. When his eyes were closed he had a very peaceful smile on his face.

There was nothing Wallace wouldn't have done for him. Doctors came who wanted to take Anderson to the hospital, but he begged Wallace to let him stay there with him. The doctors shrugged and let him stay. In a week's time he was dying of pneumonia.Wallace, watch-

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ing him a few minutes before he lost consciousness, saw that furtive little smile hovering around his thick lips. Bending down to him he whispered, "Anderson, old boy, I'm here with you."

"I knew you'd be," he replied. His eyes as he opened them and rolled them around looked very soft and brown. He tried to take Wallace by the hand. "I want to thank you for the hideout," he said.

"It's your place. You weren't hiding here."

"I don't mind going now," he said, and he closed his eyes, smiled a little, and while he smiled like that Wallace knew he was more deeply imbedded in his own life than he had ever been. He died that night.

Mrs. Cosentino was very sore at him for dying in her place and they got him to an undertaker's parlor as quickly as possible. The funeral was just as private and furtive a gesture as any Anderson ever made. Wallace was the only one that went to the funeral. It was zero weather and the undertaker's assistants looked ridiculous in the winged collars as they shivered, and when they were lowering the casket one of them said, "I think we may dispense with the ceremony of keeping our hats off under the difficult conditions."

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A Contented Bourgeois

HERBERT C. PELL

I WAS SIXTEEN in 1900 and enjoyed to the full the pleasant culmination of the great era of bourgeois supremacy. When I became twenty-one, the French Republic and the German Empire, the newest of the great nations, were already thirty-five years old and appeared to be solid permanent factors in the world. The Hapsburg Empire, although it had passed through many vicissitudes, had experienced no great changes for a hundred years and its memories carried us back to Charlemagne. Russia seemed as fixed as the hills; in the United States the memories of the Civil War were already embalmed in history books when I was at school. The whole world seemed a solid and a pleasant place for us. Everything was made for our pleasure, and everyone felt that the great periods of change were definitely past.

When I first toured in Europe even the pioneering days of motoring were over. There was no question of buying gasoline at drug stores or of having to send it ahead. Our cars although neither so good or so cheap as those of today seemed pretty nice to us. Our immediate predecessors had in the late 'nineties made necessary and achieved the establishment of satisfactory and clean hotels in every town. We needed no passports and wherever we went, and we went wherever we wanted to, we were welcomed by polite innkeepers and could comfortably see anything that might interest us. At home the structure of so-called Society seemed fixed both to those who took it most seriously and to those who entered it for their pleasure. Luxury, for whoever could afford it, had achieved nearly its modern perfection and had not lost its ancient glamor.

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I confess that it is the loss of some of the charming futilities of the time that I regret, quite as much as the old feeling of certainty. There was the lack of hurry and the pleasure of completeness even in little things. Ribbons and petticoats and formal manners were not exclusively savage survivals, nor were they entirely the inventions of a bored community anxious to develop a facile, easily attained distinction to ornament its dull individuality. Some taste, there was, something more than foolish, vulgar, or gluttonous display.

However, today, we hear on all sides the lament that the appreciation of beauty, the enjoyment of life, and real culture are things of the past. Standardization they say will kill distinction and in a world offering greater opportunities to all, the appreciation of that which is great or good or beautiful will surely die.

This point of view seems to me to be wrongly and narrowly taken.

It is the fashion among those who in the old days were on the top of the heap, and particularly among those who wish to give the impression that they were, to vent terror and rage at the thought that the world as it was is about to be replaced by the world as it will be.

I see no reason for their fears. There were few who got much more out of the old system than I. There were many things in the pre-war period to which I look back with pleasure and very few the loss of which cause me much personal regret.

The importance of money as the badge of the socially elect has decreased tremendously in my time, and so has the relative advantage of wealth.

But human desire for distinction will continue to be a moving force even if the accepted demonstration of success ceases to be material display.

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Thirty-five years ago a man who had a phaeton for himself, a victoria for his wife, a brougham for the family and a run-about for his children really was immensely better off than the man who had one vehicle or none. The difference was far greater than that which exists between a man with a big car and a chauffeur on the one hand and, on the other, one who must rely for his transportation on the family Ford. Thirty years ago it was comparatively easy to recognize a rich man by his clothes and the distinction among women was patent to the most careless eye. Now, it is difficult to distinguish the average New York office worker from the daughter of a millionaire.

Few of the enormously rich have private ballrooms or pride themselves on the ability to feed a hundred people out of their own kitchens, today. Though I can remember going to a ball in New York given in a private house where at supper three hundred people were each given a perfectly prepared wild duck and the entire meal from soup to ice-cream was made in the house. I happen to remember the incident because of the obvious pride of the host in his establishment. Such things were not rare in those days.

The present tone of so-called Society is much less showy and expensive. Display is no longer a necessary thing. Parties are simpler, meals are much shorter and less expensive. Society no longer offers a full time job to women, and the trend towards standardization has been toward a physical equality in which the distinctions are rather those of personality than of wealth.

In all classes, people by their own efforts can achieve more physical comfort for themselves than they could in the past, and not because everyone is poorer or because some assume a pose of simplicity but because of modern

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mechanization. I remember my grandmother telling me that when she was a child living in a big house on lower Broadway, two men would carry a great big wooden tub to the top floor every Saturday night. They would then go down to the kitchen and bring up buckets of hot water with which they filled it. All the children beginning with the eldest down to the last one who happened to be born at the time, would be washed in the same water.

I suppose that my great-grandmother would have been horrified at the thought that her descendants would fill their own tubs. If you had told her that invention would reduce the labor to the turning of a handle, she would have felt that made no difference. The act itself was a menial one, which would have been enough for her. She would probably have considered clean water for each child to be an enfeebling luxury.

The difference between the medical treatment of the rich and the poor was probably greater in the 'nineties than at any other time in history. Science was advancing but hospitals and the competence of general practitioners lagged far behind. Before the development of modern science the treatment meted out to rich and poor was equally bad and today it is very nearly equally good.

There exists an almost complete record of the physical life of Louis XIV and there is very little reason to believe that the King of France received much more intelligent medical treatment than did the humblest peasant of his realm. But there can be no doubt that in this country in the 'nineties those who could command the services of oculists like Bull or surgeons like McBurney were appreciably better off than the generality of the community.

The condition of the poor or of the vast majority of the fairly well-to-do is better than it was in 1900 and it will certainly be better still in 1950.

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Mere wealth, ostentation, or even lavishness are much less valuable as keys to smart society than they were when I was young and they are no longer necessary for those who wish to maintain a place. Lavish display does not impress a community in which comfort is so wide-spread.

The actual lives of the richest would not be thought particularly gorgeous by the ordinary citizen with twenty-five cents to spend. To make him gape requires the barbaric glories imagined by Hollywood. If the movies depicted the real life of a rich New York debutante, each member of the audience would feel that it was not sufficiently distinguished from what he saw every day among his fairly well-to-do friends. He would not be drawn from the recollection of his own problems to the fairyland of forgetfulness. If the movie makers are to provide that spiritual sedative which is their most popular product, they must give their debutante heroine a palace designed by a dope-fed pastry-cook and suggest that every Park avenue apartment has at least two rooms as big as the main hall of the Grand Central station; that every woman over forty who is mentioned in the *Social Register* habitually dines in jewels that would be the envy of the British crown; and that no young woman comes out in New York Society who has not half-a-dozen personal maids, three or four cars and at least a motor-boat in which to escape from one or the other of the family yachts. In these gorgeous surroundings ungentlemanly young men disport with chippies and provide distraction for the community. I do not suppose that anyone, even the movie people themselves, imagine that they are giving a picture of the surroundings, customs, or behavior of typical ladies and gentlemen. An imaginary yacht or a picture of wild extravagance are far more enjoyable than the actual experience of them. In practice there is little

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wild extravagance. Ballrooms and huge dining rooms at which can be fed forty and fifty people have gone the way of billiard rooms. I can remember the time when every big house had a billiard table; today you have to pay a truck-man to haul one to the dump.

It is almost certain that in the future there will be few big houses built, but, instead, a greater use of places of public entertainment. Friends will no longer be invited in hordes to tuck away unwholesome, expensive, meals. Putting the dishes of a three-course dinner into a washing machine requires very little work and it will be done as simply and naturally by the hostesses of 1950, as the woman today sorts playing cards into packs and returns them to the boxes after a bridge party.

A total society in which such things were the rule would provide the best possible material life for the largest possible number of people. Of course, it would antiquate many old customs and habits become pleasant by association, and change the direction of a good many ambitions. But the loss would be small.

We have already reached the point where the increase of productive efficiency makes the disposition of the product the great problem of our social structure. To keep up the efficiency of our factories we must have a wider distribution or else very severely decrease the amount which we produce. The former goal is the better.

Real wages of workers must be increased if we expect to avoid a domestic glut as the immediate consequence of re-employment. With present wages, our present productive capacity and present prices, the entire possible purchasing power of our country can be exhausted by six months work in every year. This is a fact which we must face.

Foreign trade, especially if a war breaks out in Europe,

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may take up the slack for a time but no foreign trade which is not an exchange of goods can be of any more permanent benefit to the country than would the dumping of automobiles into the sea.

Many people, including trade-union leaders, seem to assume that the purpose of labor is work rather than production. This comes from the fact that most labor-saving machinery has been in reality primarily wages-saving machinery.

The standard of living in the United States will rise tremendously by increased cheaper production and the greater possibility of national consumption.

To a great extent the hard times through which we have just passed were due to the fact that the leaders of business, in their zeal to take advantage of a one sided foreign trade, did not sufficiently consider the necessity of producing goods at a price which would develop a domestic market continuously sufficient to absorb at least ninety per cent of our maximum production. To do this we must see that a larger part of the consumable goods which we produce are made so cheap that it will be possible to reach a much larger market.

Our new laws restricting immigration have had the incidental affect of enfranchising the basic laborer. The first heavy work in the United States after the beginning of the factory system and the development of modern conditions was done by Irish immigrants who had no vote. By the time the Irish became citizens, the Italians began to come in and they were succeeded by Poles.

In the future every American laborer will have a vote and it is mere madness to imagine that we will be able to maintain a society with the enormous difference between the poor and the rich that has existed. The only way in which the material comfort of the more prosperous can

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be maintained is rapidly to raise the standards of the poor. This cannot be done without the sacrifice of some personal and private luxuries.

Even the richest person would not want to go back to the days of hand-made watches or special bath tubs. Every office is equipped with standard typewriters and filing cabinets. In our houses we are satisfied with ready-made furniture. Even the very rich wear ready-made clothes. I only know one man who always has his cravats made to order.

Life in a few years will be a different thing from what it is or has been. Hours of labor will be much shorter. Work will be lighter. Material and visible distinctions will mark the divisions of the community much less sharply than in the past. The proportion of time given to education will be much greater. Practically everyone who wants and, certainly everyone who deserves, a college education will get one.

There can be no doubt that an improvement in general education, an increase of leisure and a lessening of material competition will result in a tremendous cultural improvement. People anxious to shine before their friends will find that they cannot do it with champagne, yachts, or seven-course dinners. They will be obliged to meet new conditions with new weapons or lose the lead to those who can.

The world is maintained by daily work but it is advanced by educated leisure. Practically illiterate or extremely fatigued people cannot make great discoveries or conduct experiments. Until the invention of printing the vast majority of people were so ignorant that, as far as the development of the world was concerned, they counted for little more than cattle. Most of those whose worldly means gave them the time, were unprovided

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with the intellectual equipment necessary to make serious advances for humanity. As education became more widespread and commerce increased, a progressively greater proportion of the community was able to give thought to the future, and improvements rapidly developed. They came to the various countries in proportion to the opportunities provided for thought and experiment to educated and practical men. There is no limit to the rate at which we will be able to advance with a large literate and leisured population able to follow the lead of scientific specialists.

This country has really suffered a great deal from the continuance of the frontier faith that material productiveness is the principal measure of civic worth. We have forgotten that the purpose of production is consumption and that consumption is not simply an eliminatory process for the benefit of the virtuous producer. Anything that will give the means of enjoyment to a large number of people is a good thing for the nation. The material minded Puritan might well remember that it was the day of rest, not the period of production, that was blessed above all other time.

The mere possession of leisure will not divide one class from another, all will have much greater opportunities of enjoyment and cultivation. Distinction will come from the use of these opportunities and the leadership so acquired will be of far greater value to the community and will much more promote the general happiness than does a society in which eminence has been very largely the reward of material acquisition.

The task of the new leaders must be to promote the distribution of material products far more widely than they have ever been distributed in the past and to give opportunities of enjoyment and mental development to

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great sections of the community which until today have never been able to give much consideration to anything but the immediate satisfaction of physical needs.

Au royaume des aveugles, les borgnes sont rois and in a world insufficiently supplied with desirable material comforts in which even the necessities of life were the result of the hardest toil, and such a world is in the recollection of every middle aged man, it was natural that those who had accumulated the strongest bulwarks against an ever present danger were the most fortunate and were recognized as the most successful. In a shipwreck the man who has a raft will be the most admired and courted. In a famine the sign of success would be a store of food but when the ship at last comes to harbor a raft is a valueless possession and a life-preserver an unnecessary and inconvenient encumbrance.

The long struggle for material necessity has at last been won in our time. This will change our social structure even more than enforced justice with its assumption of physical safety changed communities which had hitherto depended on feudal barons or vigilante committees for their preservation against violence. There will be hardship, but on the whole the command of extravagant luxury will mean less when comfort is within reach of all.

I am not among those who fear the future even for myself and I can see nothing but increased happiness for mankind when the ideas of the world become accustomed to new conditions. A more equal distribution will make for a higher outlook on life as the standard of competition shifts to another and a higher field.

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A Hundred Billion for Warriors

E. K. TITUS

THE CANNY Calvin Coolidge once guessed that the American World war veterans eventually would extract one hundred *billion* dollars from the public purse. Their progress toward that goal to date has been excellent. Already they have received eleven billion. And legislation being considered by Congress at this writing, if enacted, will open the door wide for widows and dependents to receive pensions until about the year 2040, even if their war hero only served in a training camp, and died of a cause totally unrelated to the war. Under similar legislation, the last Revolutionary war widow died in 1906. She was born twenty-three years after the conflict.

In seeking benefits for themselves, the World war veterans have been confronted with a situation quite different from that faced by the Revolutionary and Civil war soldiers. The great proportion of those who enlisted or were drafted for the Civil war got into the fighting. Casualties were heavy. And even those who came out unscathed had gone through several years of privation, hardship and terror. On the other hand, the World war veterans had to convince Congress and the country that a group of men, the majority of whom had not seen any fighting at all, were worthy of large financial donations from the rest of the citizenry. They have done the job and overcome the obstacle with astounding success. In fact, it was once calculated that, based upon the numbers reported as either dead or wounded, the annual veteran expenditures of the United States totalled $2,668 per man, contrasting with $58 per man for Great Britain and $51 for France.

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Meantime it is charged with some justice that the actual sufferers from the great war, namely the widows of men killed in action, are inadequately provided for, while the main body of veterans — those who did not fight, or fought for a short time only — year by year introduce thousands of bills for their own benefit.

It is obvious that those who enlisted or were drafted, and did not suffer from the war can supply more votes to the congressmen who provide them their grants than the much smaller group of veterans and widows who did suffer. Hence the congressman shrewd at vote-getting will do well to consider the needs of the non-sufferers more carefully than those of the sufferers. The astute veterans' organization, seeking as large a membership as possible, will also look carefully to the requirements of the non-war-sufferers.

And now that widows' pensions are being eagerly studied by Congress, this type of astuteness is evident. The chief pension bill pending at this writing was approximately as generous to peace-time widows of training camp veterans as to widows of the battle killed. It is these peace-time widows, if they once are let into the public coffers, who will play a major part in running the bill up to a hundred billion.

The pension problem is an immediate problem today. We are about as distant in time from the World war as Civil war veterans were from their war, when they put across their major pension legislation. A veterans' publication has boasted that those who seek to block pensions will be like "the old woman who tried to sweep back the tide with a broom." And universal World war pensions, for *all* veterans and their widows, if they come, will make the bonus look like a trifle.

The Revolutionary war is the only American conflict

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on which the last installment of the purchase price has been paid. We are still buying the war of 1812. The Mexican war, which ended eighty-nine years ago, was responsible for widows' pension expenditures of $132,-776.34 in the 1937 fiscal year. In round figures, Civil war pensions are costing forty-seven millions a year, those of the Indian wars three millions, and Spanish war, Boxer Rebellion and Philippine Insurrection one hundred and fourteen million.

The Civil war veterans were much slower in commencing their agitation for financial benefits than were the graduates of the world conflict. The Grand Army of the Republic, organized at first (like the American Legion), as an idealistic organization, abstained generally from demanding monetary distributions during the first decade of its existence. Congressmen then began to awake to the vote-getting potentialities of the organization, and one leader urged the boys to "present your demands, and not with bowed heads." It came to pass that the G.A.R.'s pension committee well nigh achieved the importance of a third house of Congress. After Speaker Cannon had asked the committee's representatives if they approved a bill, all that was necessary sometimes was for him to crack down his gavel, and it became law. While the G.A.R. was allied at first with the Republican party, the Democrats soon found also that the veterans could do much toward making or breaking them. One such Democrat, Dollar-a-Day Sherwood, made it his objective to secure for every veteran the sum indicated in his nickname. Others in his party took up the dollar a day cry, and one lawmaker held it had netted him ten thousand votes.

The greater speed and efficiency of the World war veterans in getting money to date is what leads experts

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to believe that they will far exceed the per capita receipts of veterans of the Civil war. It has required only nineteen years for the World war ex-soldiers to achieve their eleven billion, while it took the Civil war veterans seventy years to secure only a little more than half that sum. Experience with past wars has indicated that the peak in disbursements for veterans and their surviving widows and dependents is not reached till more than fifty years after the conflict. And so it may be reasonably expected that veteran expenditures will continue to increase for thirty-one more years, — unless some means is found to stir into action the dormant majority of Americans who pay with their sweat the direct and indirect levies that finance the distributions to the veteran minority.

Let us survey briefly the types of aid the veterans are receiving at present, and the method of their getting it. At the time of the last available report, the Veterans' Administration employed 35,190 persons, who drew aggregate annual salaries of $58,445,240. The types of payments supervised by this department include disbursements on adjusted service certificates (the bonus), compensation or pension for death, disability or old age, emergency officers' retirement pay, loans to veterans for transportation, military and naval insurance payments, allotments and allowances, and vocational rehabilitation. In addition, amazingly large sums are spent on free hospitalization, domiciliary care, physical examinations, out-patient treatment, and dentistry for veterans.

An uninitiated person would doubtless assume that those treated would be almost entirely persons still suffering from injuries or diseases incurred in the war. This is not the case. At the end of the 1937 fiscal year, 74.37 per cent of the veterans under government hospitalization were suffering from disabilities not of service origin,

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and this compared with 71.91 per cent non-service-connected the previous year. Though the war is becoming more and more distant in time, the number receiving the free government hospitalization nevertheless is increasing at a rapid rate, and admissions jumped 17.6 per cent in 1937. To accommodate the ever-growing number of patients, the government is expending substantial sums to add to hospital facilities in twenty-seven locations.

So much for the government's present generosity to veterans. But why is it that the load keeps increasing, and if earlier American wars are a guide, will continue to grow? This question is a particularly pertinent one, in view of a tendency of the British pension load to decrease. Though England had one seventh of her population under arms, against about one twenty-fifth in this country, and suffered forty-five per cent battle casualties, against our eight per cent, British pension costs were cut sixty-one per cent between 1921 and 1934. In Great Britain, pensions have come to about six per cent of the budget, while here, including the bonus, they have been a much larger proportion. Benefits in England are strictly limited to actual sufferers, — veterans and dependents whose injuries, diseases and deprivations resulted directly from the war.

At the time of America's entrance into the war, a system of war risk insurance, which was hailed as a means for greatly mitigating post-war veteran demands, was put into effect. It was hoped that this system would be as effective as what the British had planned. It was only a few years after the conflict, however, that the realization dawned that this was not the case. The World war veterans' organizations became active, making the discovery that the more than four million soldiers, either in the war or getting ready for it, had been inadequately

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paid. As a matter of fact, however, the American private received $30 a month against $11.40 for the British, and even smaller pay for many of the other Allied soldiers. The American received a dollar a day, and two dollars a day was spent on his food, clothing and shelter. The total of three dollars a day comes to $1,095 a year, which approximates the $1,078 which the National Industrial Conference Board says was the average annual wage of all employed persons in the United States in the war year of 1918.

Nevertheless the veterans' organizations decided the soldiers had been underpaid. It was determined they should have received for their patriotism a dollar a day more for service in this country, and $1.25 additional for each day on the other side. This principle was enacted into law in 1924, an election year in which most congressmen feared the vote of the veterans and their sympathizers might mean the difference between victory and defeat. With the legislation passed, a calculation was made as to what the rest of the citizens owed each veteran, interest was added, and each given his "bonus" in the form of an adjusted service certificate, a sort of endowment insurance policy, with the taxpayers paying the premiums. All was well until 1936, when the veterans and Congress decided to pay the full value the certificates were to attain in 1945, nine years ahead of time. The government would have to pay the money in 1945 anyway, so why not pay the same amount in 1936? After all, the government wouldn't be paying out any more money, it was reasoned. Of course insurance actuaries, who knew something about interest, did not agree, but Congress decided the veterans were to receive, in 1936, government bonds for the 1945 face value of their certificates. The legislation was calculated to have added

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a billion to the cost of the original bonus. And with the bonus out of the way, it was freely predicted that pensions were next, and that unless some means were found to make the listless majority of American opinion effective against organized minorities, veteran costs would continue to rise.

The legislative processes by which the hundreds of different classifications of veterans seek to boost their allowances, are intricate. During the fiscal year of 1937, a total of 3,796 bills pertaining to veterans' benefits were introduced into Congress. Of these, 1,108 were so-called public bills, and 2,688 were for private relief. This does not take into consideration the bills introduced in state and city legislative bodies, which have also been liberal, not only in benefits, but in special civil service consideration, and other favors, to the former soldiers. The alacrity with which American legislatures jump at the chance to give a hand to any patriotic fighter was illustrated in February, 1936, when Frederick C. Broomhead, Republican, introduced into the Rhode Island State Senate a bill to pay Private Evael O. W. Tnesba of the 12th Machine Gun Company $100. A Democrat seconded it, and not until the measure was carried did another Democrat sense a peculiarity, and ask for reconsideration. It had all been a practical joke by Senator Broomhead. The private's name was the army's noted phrase "Absent without Official Leave," spelled in reverse.

While not an election year, and therefore not to be expected to produce as gigantic pension liberalizations as even-numbered years, the year 1937 nevertheless provided some typical readjustments of law, which show how the snow-ball-like growth of the pension evil proceeds with a little addition to the burden here, another there.

One new law directed that compensation to a widow,

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child, or children of a deceased World war veteran should not be denied if a veteran had been suffering from a disability twenty per cent of which could be attributed to his war service. Previously the figure had been thirty per cent. It was provided also that the connection of a veteran's disability with his war service could be determined by a post-mortem, whereas previously, an alert comptroller general had ruled that a veteran must decide he was war-disabled at least before he died. The hardy survivors of the Indian wars were not forgotten. Increases of pensions were granted to these soldiers who helped push the heathen savages back during the years 1817 to 1898.

There were other increases, and liberalizations of rules, tiny in themselves, but costing in the aggregate, a considerable sum. In criticizing this type of piecemeal modification of veteran laws, Donald A. Hobart, former national commander of the American Veterans Association, a group of veterans which opposes the policies of the American Legion, pointed out that "Congress has fallen into the error of attempting to legislate for every conceivable contingency which might arise in the health of a World war veteran." One bill contained forty liberalizing amendments. "Absurdity after absurdity" was created, until in 1932, 431,000 World war veterans were receiving aid for disability "in no way concerned or claimed to be concerned with the World war." Compensation was even paid, Mr. Hobart found, to "veterans suffering from a sickness with a maximum incubation period of six weeks," if the disease became manifest six years after the war. The 431,000 cases were removed from the rolls by the Economy Act of 1933, but many got back.

Mr. Hobart then described the beginning of the agitation for pensions for widows of World war veterans, de-

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claring that under legislation similar to some of the bills introduced, the last widow of a Revolutionary war veteran died in 1906. The drive was already under way at the time of the last bonus distribution, in 1936. At the convention of the largest veterans' organization, a resolution was introduced providing: "That in no event shall widows and/or dependent children of a deceased World war veteran be without government protection."

At first glance, this might appear high-minded. It will all depend on the present and future definition of the word "widow" and the word "protection." In the same set of resolutions, the largest veterans' organization gave its idea of how "widow" should be defined:

> The term "widow" of a World war veteran shall mean a person who married the veteran prior to July 3, 1931, or who married the veteran subsequent to that date, and who has lived with the veteran for a period of three years next preceding his death. Also to include those widows having surviving issue of a veteran.

In other words, the widow, to be worthy of government "protection," would need to have married her veteran within 12½ years of the end of the war, unless she had borne him a child, in which case it would make no difference how much time had elapsed between the armistice and the marriage. The history of previous pension legislation indicates that as time passes, Congress tends to lengthen the period allowed.

Prior to the Act of 1933, payments to widows and dependents of World war veterans were restricted to those of veterans who lost their lives as a direct result of military service. However, the seventy-third congress in Public Law 484 started the dangerous precedent of providing benefits for widows and dependents of World war veterans who died from causes in no way related to their

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military service, providing the veteran at the time of his death was receiving or entitled to receive compensation for a disability of thirty per cent or more, directly incurred in, or aggravated by, military service, and not the result of the person's own misconduct. The rates of compensation provided began at $22 a month for a widow with no child, and increased to a maximum of $56. The term widow was defined as a woman married to a veteran before July 3, 1931, and who had not remarried.

But even more liberal legislation was to be passed soon. The following year Congress broadened the rules for widows by providing definitely that they would be taken care of even if their late husbands' thirty per cent service-connected disabilities were only presumptive, and by eliminating the provision that the disability must not have resulted from the soldier's misconduct.

A yet higher climax of generosity was contemplated in a bill sponsored by the American Legion in February, 1937, which would compensate not merely the widows of partially disabled veterans, but *all* widows of World war veterans, without regard to the date of marriage or cause of death, with a few minor exceptions. This would indeed let the bars down. The American Veterans' Association, the group opposed to the pilfering, raised the cry that it was under *identical* legislation that the last pensioned widow of a Revolutionary war veteran died in 1906. The widows to be cared for were not war widows but "peace widows." The measure, it was charged, almost completely ignored the necessity for curing a real injustice with respect to the widows and dependents of veterans who lost their lives through directly service-connected causes.

A similar measure was under consideration by Congress this year. This bill, also, would open the door to

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peace-time widows, who would live off the rest of the citizens into the twenty-first century. The bill's evils were summed up at a congressional hearing by Cornelius H. Bull, Judge Advocate General of the American Veterans' Association:

> The American Veterans' Association has always vigorously maintained that the widows and dependents of those who died as a direct result of injury or disease incurred in active military service should be most generously dealt with, and that the pittance of thirty dollars per month now paid widows of the combat dead should be doubled. . . .
>
> We know that it is not the wish of the American people to pay to the widow of a drug addict who dies twenty years after the war the same amount of money now paid to a widow of a soldier killed in the Argonne. This bill would do just that.

Mr. Bull's arguments did not appear to impress Representative Gasque's committee much. Their questions, which followed, were critical.

The manner of operation of the veteran lobbies which successfully promote this type of legislation is worthy of consideration, by all would-be manipulators of Congress. Each of the veteran groups whose mission is to "liberalize" existing veteran laws has in Washington its own "legislative representative" who theoretically is there merely for the high and educational purpose of "informing the members of Congress as to the purposes of legislation sponsored by them." In reality, it is asserted, the bulk of veteran bills are not only sponsored but actually written by the legislative chairmen of service organizations, and support for them is demanded from terror-stricken congressmen, under pain of reprisals at the polls. A balky congressman is dealt with vigorously. Communications, it is averred, are sent to the heads of veteran posts in the congressman's own constituency.

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This brings down on him a barrage of wires from individual posts, and from county and state sub-divisions. The congressman is likely to interpret all this as a "mandate from the people he represents," and is often moved also by fear that the votes of the telegram senders and their friends, and their friends' friends will spell the difference between defeat and victory for him at the next election. He may even fear that his veteran enemies will furnish material hostile to him to his opponent in the next contest. So the congressman falls into line.

After the legislation has been passed, it is up to the Solicitor of the Veterans' Administration or the Attorney General of the United States to interpret it. The ambiguous language of many of the laws encourages pressure to get borderline cases into classifications more advantageous from the monetary point of view, in the obtaining of compensation or pensions. An example of lack of uniformity in interpretations of law is had from a comparison of two cases having to do with wilful misconduct. The veteran in each case was seeking a disability allowance, and if misconduct were proved he would not be entitled to it. It was held that the troubles of the veteran who was suffering a kind of paralysis, from drinking Jamaica ginger had not been due to wilful misconduct. On the other hand the veteran who suffered an accident resulting in the loss of his hand, when he slipped on icy boards while carrying a loaded shotgun while on leave, had been grossly negligent, and grossly careless, had committed misconduct, and was therefore not entitled to any disability compensation or pension.

Is there any hope that the ninety-six per cent of Americans who pay the bill ever will become as powerful as the four per cent who receive the payments?

There have been a few signs indicating the giant might

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be beginning to stir. At the time of the 1935 and 1936 bonus agitation, the satirically conceived Veterans of Future Wars spread in the colleges, demanding bonus payments then and there for the young men of the present generation who in coming years would be called on to defend their country. And why not? Why should men twenty to thirty years old be called upon to pay taxes exclusively for veterans of past wars, while being unpaid themselves for the sacrifices they might some day be called upon to make? These young men, and their children's children, will be the chief sufferers from the coming pension grab, if it materializes. They will be paying the bill till 2040. They can defeat the grab, perhaps. They are the logical nucleus for an anti-pension drive. To be sure, the young men of the 'eighties, the 'nineties, and the early twentieth century sat idly by and let the Civil war veterans pass legislation the burden of which they and their children carry today. But that was in a sleepier era.

Another group of direct sufferers from the veterans' benefits are the ever increasing number of income taxpayers. Although they would appear to represent an enormous potential political power, little progress has been made in organizing the rank and file of them. Such a group did not exist in the post-Civil war decades, because there was no income tax. Effective organization of them today would seem to offer a valuable opportunity to leaders in the anti-pension drive. The man who today pays a twenty-five, fifty, or one hundred dollar income tax is thoroughly indignant about it. The proportion of this which goes, and is likely to go, in the future, to veterans, if forcefully brought home to him, should convert him, and his family, friends and relatives, into furious telegram-senders-to-congressmen.

It is conceivable, then, if the American political awak-

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ening continues, with young men's and young women's groups, and small income taxpayers solidly organized, that when a piece of veteran legislation is being considered, the congressmen may some day receive as solid and as sincere a barrage of telegrams from opponents of each handout, as from the supporters of it.

Four and a half million men wore American uniforms during the war. Substantially less than a third of them got into the fighting, even for a day. The four and a half million already have extracted eleven billion dollars from the rest of the nation. This they have done by incessant, ruthless lobbying. They have employed every conceivable trick. They have waved flags. They have used mother appeal. Some have even employed medical deception. They have exerted unfair political pressure. Their tactics have been blatant, out of step with patriotism. These tactics have so incensed the more right-thinking veterans that a considerable group of them have seceded from the main organizations, to form their own group, the American Veterans' Association. This group is endeavoring to fight the shameless grabs. Fantastic claims for special compensation have been presented and honored. Many of these claims have been for injuries and diseases contracted long after the war. Other claims have been wholly fraudulent. The main raid — the demand for pensions for all — is at hand. Pensions are being sought, despite a generous and extravagant bonus, already paid. The outcome of this pension raid will determine whether a greedy lobby, representing, or claiming to represent, not over four per cent of the population, can enable this four per cent, with their survivors, to defy and despoil the other ninety-six per cent. It will be the most important struggle against an organized minority that a democracy has ever waged, and for the biggest prize.

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American Biography and the Modern World

EDGAR JOHNSON

IF WE THINK of modern biography as a telescope for looking at various personalities of the past, our eyepiece is the here-and-now. For, like other artists, the biographer is part of his time and milieu, and, like them, he must render even what seems to him the essence of truth in terms intelligible to his time: interpret it, not *sub specie aeternitatis*, but in a medium that reflects his own age as well. That is why Boswell's *Johnson* is as brilliant a portrait of eighteenth century London as it is of the great Doctor, and why Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* is perhaps a better picture of Victorian England than it is of Frederick's Prussia. The kind of image we have of the past is an image of our own time.

This is not to deny that biography can achieve truth. But truth, in order to be understandable, cannot be revealed in a sort of no-time and no-where, an uncreated void of old night, absolute, eternal, and nonexistent. We perceive truth rather as the intersection between a group of facts and a scheme of values; and wherever the two are clearly drawn and clearly related they plot the outline of truth for us. We do not need to agree with Cellini's and Rousseau's estimates of themselves to realize that they have revealed themselves truly. What they have chosen to tell us, and the light in which they have put it, and the sentiments they thereby make clear, name them for the men they are and place them in the time-frame of their age. When we read them today, if we have any historical sense, we are constantly drawing lines of reference between their time and ours, constructing a frame of our own whereby we see theirs in a perspective.

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In doing so we make ourselves into a kind of impromptu modern biographer just as truly as if we had decided to tell Cellini's story in contemporary terms and reinterpret him for modern eyes. What we do in a partly haphazard and intuitive way the skilled biographer must do with consistent insight into his aim. His realization of the nature of his task and the technique he brings to it are as illuminating about the age in which he lives as they are about the age he recreates.

It will be fruitful, therefore, to examine this instrument of modern biography from such a point of view, turning it under our gaze until we can inspect the *eyepiece*. Not only in Europe, but in America as well, biography has grown until it bulks enormously large in every season's outpouring of new books. What are the characteristics of this tremendous output of contemporary American biography? What significance do they have and what light do they throw on the significance of American biography in the present? What is the importance of the new forms it has taken and the new methods it has adopted?

Probably the most spectacular facts about it are its bulk and its international character. In a Spring book section of a newspaper that endeavors to list only the more important publications, the space devoted to biographies, memoirs, and autobiographies runs to more than four columns out of twenty-five, and includes over eighty volumes. In this list the biographies alone number almost fifty. And their subjects crowd from all over the world and all periods of time: Keats, Rimbaud, Darwin, Dana of the New York *Sun*, Debussy, Claude Bernard, Fanny Kemble, Confucius, Lincoln, Jacob Riis, Porson, Malesherbes, Newton. Their authors are equally international: French, British, Scandinavian, German, Japanese.

The American biographer cannot remain untouched

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by these facts. He is no longer almost insulated between two oceans, but is part of an international society, subject to all its influences. He may find that a French scholar is an indispensable authority on Benjamin Franklin and that a British peer has written an important life of Abraham Lincoln. And refusing to confine himself to American figures, he may, like Ralph Roeder, have to explore not only the historical records but the scholarship dealing with the Italian Renaissance and France under Catherine de' Medici, or, like Matthew Josephson, the France of Diderot and the *Encyclopédie*. He cannot ignore the achievements of international scholarship or dwell in a Brother Jonathan stars-and-stripes cultural chauvinism.

Not only the achievements of international research, however, demand his attention, but international developments in biographical technique as well. The biographies of Lytton Strachey were published in the United States nearly as soon as they appeared in England. The writings of Emil Ludwig, Andre Maurois, Stefan Zweig, are released almost simultaneously in many countries. Their innovations in his craft must be assimilated and evaluated by the American biographer, for there are no tools he feels able to neglect.

Even other realms of the art of writing he lays under tribute: the explorations of the novelists, the literary devices of contemporary poetry. Henry James and Marcel Proust have sharpened the biographer's observations of psychology and the subtle nuances of emotion; Mallarme and the Symbolists and T. S. Eliot have colored the biographer's use of atmospheric allusion; he has borrowed form and style from modern fiction. The study of heredity, the researches of Pavlov, and the delvings of the Freudians have gone into his work. Marx's dialectical materialism and all the labors of economists and sociolo-

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gists have deepened his awareness of the relations between individual lives and social forces.

In all such ways, of course, the biographer is merely one with the major currents everywhere pulsing through the world. Capitalist industrialism has produced an international society in which no nation is economically isolated from the others any more than any life is isolated from its fellows. Science gave birth to technology from which has emerged a machine-civilization that multiplies the speed of production and demands a literate population. Ever more numerous books roaring from the presses and an increasing swiftness of translation from one country to another follow inevitably. The developments we have noted in the internationalizing of biography are only a part of this evolution.

Unification in men's relationships is reflected in a growing need for unification of culture. Science grows ever more specialized, but also more richly and complexly related. Instead of diverging from each other the realms merge and interpenetrate, astronomy and physics generating astrophysics, the study of the atom and of electricity melting into one, sociology and psychology refusing to be divorced. Physics takes metaphysics for its bride, and the philosopher must be a philosopher of history as well. It is not strange, therefore, that we should discover the biographer being obliged to enter the fields of the historian, economist, and psychologist in order to reveal a human being in the movement of his age.

These words — "the movement of his age" — are significant. Wyndham Lewis has complained of the "time-mindedness" of modern "flux-philosophers," and it is undeniable that we find it hard to conceive either of men or events except as part of a stream of time. Eternal

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and recurrent elements there no doubt are in character and history (Marxists look forward to the emergence of a "human" civilization when the distorting influences of capitalist society are outgrown, and trace the "human" achievements even in bourgeois art and literature), but no life can fail, we feel, to be colored and molded in crucial ways by its environment. The concept of evolution has made the mind of modern man a time-mind. We explain not only the present in terms of the past, but any segment of the past we see in genetic and environmental terms.

Hence it is that American biographers have been reconstructing our own cultural past in exactly these ways. In recent years a vast exploration has been going on of the heroes of American history and folklore — for what we are is the product of the America that was. And it, in turn, emerged from its antecedents and the peculiar circumstances of its growth, its colonial origins, the expansion of the frontier, a thousand other forces unique in form to the epic of America. Our biographers have been flinging themselves upon our past, not in the spirit of Parson Weems, not as chapters of heroic saga and edifying legend, but with a thirst to interpret and explain. America striving to interpret itself, through the efforts of biographers and social scientists and hosts of others, trying to see itself in time and the forces there at work, is a part of the effort of the modern world to interpret all its experience.

No single person has had a more direct and striking influence upon recent biography than Lytton Strachey. Douglas Southall Freeman, two years ago, thinking of the cheap irony and puerile iconoclasm of third-rate imitators, condemned it as wholly vicious. This is not true. If biographies like Woodward's *George Washington: The*

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Image and the Man vulgarized Strachey's method to a Philistine sneer, that method achieved in Strachey at his best a balanced judgment that others were not slow to apply. And Strachey's sharp forms, his incisive style, his swift and ruthless efficiency, like the gleaming precision of one of the machines of modern industrialism, have been lessons in the economy of art. With nuances of hidden romanticism, and with overtones of eighteenth century classicism, his bare and metallic art is an epitome of the machine age.

And Americans have learned from his art as well as bathed in his acid. De Kruif's *Microbe Hunters* is sharpened to vivid drama, Brown's *Lonely Americans* strengthened, by such stripping away of inessentials; and every year brief biographies too numerous to mention appear in periodicals and collected volumes. Even book-length biographies seldom dare achieve their bulk by padding, pomposity, and panegyric. Their authors know that redundant flesh and portly rhetoric must be dieted and exercised to muscularity, and that they must justify their treatment by the penetration and richness of what they have to say.

Even more valuable has been Strachey's influence upon point of view. Clarity, brilliance, concision, every virtue, he realized, were jejune and idle unless the biographer had a clear and consistent grasp on character. He must see his subject in the round, know what he thought about it, and take pains that every detail built rather than blurred that picture. Not by falsifying omission, of course, but by synthesis and selection, clarifying relations and deleting irrelevance. The same principles must control the sequence of the story, emphasis on episodes being governed by the degree to which they were crucial in its pattern.

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Strachey is not, to be sure, "the onlie begetter" of these developments. Rather, in him as in the others, they are created by the intellectual demands of the age, although to more than one American biographer he was a source of direct inspiration. The outstanding biographies of our times, however — Claude Bowers' powerful trilogy on Thomas Jefferson, Beveridge's *Marshall* and *Lincoln*, the four volumes of Freeman's monumental *Robert E. Lee* — have been marked by a psychological clarity dominant over every detail of design. Thronged as the more than two thousand pages of Dr. Freeman's work are with richly developed portraits of Jeb Stuart, Stonewall Jackson, hosts of minor figures, a canvas almost as epic and crowded as Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, Lee never ceases to command the scene, and the drama rises to the moving climax of Appomattox and the pathos of the silent years that followed. Here there is none of the muzzy handling and heaped biographical rubbish of the "authorized life-and-letters." The demand for unified understanding of the whole has been answered with the shaping of art.

As art, it has learned much from the novel. Rendering of atmosphere, descriptive coloring skilfully woven into the narrative instead of the old formal set-pieces, a dramatic handling in which the very action creates the impression of character to be conveyed: these have been the gifts of fiction to modern biography. Sometimes, indeed, looking over the wall into the adjacent gardens of romance, the biographer has been tempted to more, reached for the gleaming fruits of imaginary conversations, bent down in thirst to streams-of-consciousness welling up through the psychological soil. We shall not try to settle the dividing line beyond which such borrowings become esthetic larceny, although they lie considerably within the reaches just named; it is enough to note

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here again the intermingling of realms we have seen everywhere in the modern world. If the "romanticized" biography is a mode already vanished, it was linked however briefly with artistic aims and has left vivid traces in the work of more scrupulous biographers.

A movement of greater vitality, which still has its vigorous heirs, was the "debunking" school. Partly sheer slapstick, partly inspired by the irony of Strachey, partly a wise-cracking iconoclasm, it degenerated into persecution and exhibitionism. Strachey's irony, mordant but icily detached, had achieved an air of scientific objectivity. His imitators displayed no such restraint. M. R. Werner painted a clowning portrait of William Jennings Bryan. R. F. Dibble deflated Admiral Dewey and Brigham Young with giggles, and, still giggling, reversed the process in a patronizing heroic caricature of John L. Sullivan. Thomas Beer, always just one degree more outrageous than the rest of humanity, deflated deflation by portraying Mark Hanna as the noblest Roman of them all. Beer's most blatant excesses, however, the pretentious allusiveness that disfigured even his *Stephen Crane*, ripening to a positively purple lushness in *The Mauve Decade*, fall more within the meretricious realm of Philip Guedalla than they do in the childish revels of the debunkers.

But despite their deficiencies, the debunkers had, in fact, a core of value. The devil's advocate is a useful personage. Immaculate legends need to be constantly examined for shady spots; the too lofty supermen need to be reduced to credible human dimensions; reality and reason are holier than any heroic fame. The wiser fruits of debunking were critical honesty and a disinterested willingness to subject even the most portentous reputation to calm examination. On its more serious side, de-

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bunking was a rather naive aspect of the trend toward social interpretation. It had vital roots in the earlier activities of the muckrakers, and such continues to be its value today.

Books like Flynn's *God's Gold* are the legitimate offspring of Ida Tarbell's *History of Standard Oil*. Nosing into the reek of the oil lines and the preferential rates and the ruined competitors, they leave the elder Rockefeller unsilvered of the shining dimes and the philanthropies Ivy Lee used to disinfect his name. Winkler's *Morgan the Magnificent* performs a like task in a more slipshod and journalistic style; and still other biographies have dealt with the dynasties of the Mellons and the DuPonts. Matthew Josephson, quarrying in the enormous deposits of Gustave Meyers' *History of the Great American Fortunes*, shows *The Robber Barons* of finance capitalism using their new weapons to clamp a predatory feudalism on modern society. In the last few years Hearst and his satrap Brisbane have been subjected to the same kind of unmasking.

More noteworthy than the schoolboy insolence of their forerunners, such biographies are valuable as briefs for the prosecution. They are not always entirely balanced. They emphasize the chicanery and unscrupulousness of the great railway freebooters, the financial pirates, the rapacious industrialists, and leave in the background their technical role in building modern large-scale industry. But the withering indictment of capitalism these biographies are able to unroll before the bar of justice must weigh heavily on any generous spirit.

They assuredly paint an essential part of the modern scene. Without these researches into the Hills, the Astors, Goulds, Fricks, and Huntingtons, Leland Stanfords, Carnegies, Schwabs, Dukes, and Fords, we should lack vital knowledge of that industrial revolution that has

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been the greatest phenomenon of modern history. But, with few exceptions, they paint it from a point of view in which greed, dishonesty, personal villainy, as it were, are the skeleton keys to their psychological problems. They tend to ignore or be bewildered by the complexities that can combine a perfectly sincere kindliness, generosity, or tenderness of heart with financial sharp practice. They do not predominantly try to explain the curiously similar pattern that runs through so many of these careers. Although they would probably reject the words with some indignation, their intellectual approach is not so very remote from the theological concept of original sin.

It is to repair the obvious limitations of such an approach that other biographers have turned to the social sciences and endeavored to find in them general principles through which the individual career and the individual character could be understood. They have tried to see men surrounded by and embodying the historical forces of their times, conditioned by the social organisms within which they had to live their lives. The penetrating analysis of Marx and the brilliant studies of Veblen and Sombart had pointed out the ways in which the economic structure of society molds individual judgments and values: how could these insights be applied to biography? The followers of Freud and the other schools of psychoanalysis have endeavored to find the fundamental drives in human conduct, and explain its individual variations in terms of social adjustment and maladjustment.

Of all these, the Freudian and the Marxian have been most often employed and most often at swords'-points. In reality, however, as even their more doctrinaire followers are beginning to realize, there is no necessary antagonism between them. When the Freudian deals with some individual fixation or psychosis, classification

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will compel him to realize that certain patterns recur again and again. It must surely, then, be borne in upon him that these are products of a larger pattern in society as a whole, that they indicate, therefore, not so much the failure of the individual to adjust himself to the world as the failure of society to embody human needs. The wise psychologist is thus forced to become a sociologist as well.

And conversely the Marxian sociologist, studying the entire mechanism of modern society, must be able to display even the most eccentric individual conduct as consistent with his analysis of general forces. The wildest aberrations and neuroses may be perceived simply as fantastic variations on a theme whose undeviating tendency is shown with all the more strength by their many-sided return. "Psychoanalysis and the new psychology of Freud and Jung," Lincoln Steffens remarked in his *Autobiography*, "were a feather in the cap of the red who had always held that to change men's minds one must first change their environment."

These methods both derive their deepest meaning, in fact, from the bearing they have on the understanding of man as a part of society, and on man and society as existences in time. The wiser biographers have not feared to use the methods of both schools hand in hand. Newton Arvin's *Hawthorne* knits the sociological and the psychological in a closely reasoned analysis that yields a revealing picture both of Nathaniel Hawthorne and of the limitations of New England culture in the nineteenth century. Van Wyck Brooks, in his seminal although much disputed *Ordeal of Mark Twain*, insists upon the mingling forces by which the emotional domination of Mark Twain's mother gave added strength to the tyrannous pressure of pioneer society, and relates his life to the whole American scene of the day.

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Critics like Bernard De Voto violently disagree with this reading of Mark Twain's significance, but they as certainly agree in regarding him *as* significant, a representative figure by which the age can be portrayed. And the effort to do this is the central effort of the most serious contemporary biography. When it is successful, the problems and failures of the representative or gifted individual, his hopes and triumphs, become the clues to the character of an entire age, indices by which its successes and failures may be measured, a microcosm into which the biographer has concentrated a period. As a vehicle of searching social interpretation, biography has no loftier attainment.

Indeed, it is only when the biographer thus breathes the age into his pages that he achieves a completely triumphant work of art. The aim need not even have been fully conscious. We hardly believe Cellini said to himself, "I shall make my *Autobiography* a shining and polychromatic mirror of the Renaissance:" he did it by being so deeply and richly *of* the age. And where that fusion does not exist or is not sought for, the image will lose in life. It is for this reason, even more than for their rather static emptiness of dramatic movement, that Gamaliel Bradford's "psychographs" seem to me so comparatively unsatisfactory. In the hundred and fifteen that make up that long series, from *Confederate Portraits* through *Damaged Souls* and *Daughters of Eve* to *Biography and the Human Heart*, he not only held relentlessly to the analytic, expository method, ignoring story, but seemed almost totally unaware of the flavor and influence of periods. His characters are, as it were, isolated laboratory experiments in psychology, and Voltaire and Walpole are no more depicted as colored by their times than are Mary Todd Lincoln or Theodosia Burr.

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Recent American biographers other than Bradford, however, have amply compensated for his individualistic neglect of temporal and social forces. While he was endeavoring to find a framework of purely psychological coordinates, they were flinging themselves into every cranny of the American past, so that today it would be almost possible to write a history of America in terms of biography alone. There is no period or section of the country that has been overlooked. And deeply steeped in local color as a surprisingly large number of these biographies are, many of them are no less serious in their endeavor to see the forces of history embodied in their themes.

It is impossible, for example, to read Bernard Mayo's *Henry Clay*, or Marquis James's two volumes on Andrew Jackson, *The Border Captain* and *Portrait of a President*, without realizing the wild, rough, fantastic life of the frontier. Mayo is perhaps a bit more pedantic than James, addicted to telling everything, crowding even insignificant minutiae into footnotes, so that his narrative grows too heavy and bloated. But how realistically we see, in both, the nation brawling over the Appalachians, down into the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi, gentleman and desperado, ruffian, scholar, and politician, landshark and jurist, all united in one social grouping and sometimes even in one person. Such biographies would seem almost written to exemplify Turner's theory of the role of the frontier in American history.

It is no less fascinating to turn from Beveridge's *Marshall*, with its Federalist perspective, to Bowers' final and impressive volume, *Jefferson in Power*. Despite their partisan bias, these two reveal the living drama behind whole sections of Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought*. Nor do they deal only in dead struggles out of a

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dead past, for when we see the very people Jefferson most benefits striving desperately to wreak his administration on the power of the courts, the past seems to give a wriggle and lead us directly into the present again. Indeed, the past is everywhere the womb of contemporary problems, and it takes only the perceptive biographer to make us realize that fact. So, to cite only a few, Lewis Mumford shows us Herman Melville wrestling with the metaphysical doubts engendered by mid-nineteenth-century materialism, Odell Shepard reveals Bronson Alcott and the other transcendentalists struggling through the depression of the 'thirties, and Ralph Barton Perry's *Life and Thought of William James* traces the birth of pragmatism out of the conflict between religious sentiment and science.

Nowhere is this essential unity in American life, and this unity between its past and its present, revealed more clearly than in some of the group-biographies of recent years. In these a floodlight moving through members of the same milieu, or even of the same family, sometimes in successive generations, enables us to follow the permutations of American society. Constance Rourke does it in *Trumpets of Jubilee*, where the raw Cincinnati of pre-Civil-war days, abolition Boston, New York and Brooklyn during the draft riots, and during the hardly less turbulent Brooklyn pastorate of Henry Ward Beecher, are all brilliantly realized. With a certain ironic detachment, Miss Rourke has also a warm twinkle of American humor broadly human enough to range in sympathy from the idiosyncrasies of the Beechers to the hip-hooray of a Barnum.

Lyman Beecher Stowe, in his *Saints, Sinners, and Beechers*, later gave an expanded treatment of the individual and yet related temperaments of this family responding

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to the same national stimuli; but meanwhile other biographers had extended the family biography to several generations. Burton J. Hendrick, despite a certain romantic nostalgia for the plantation system, makes *The Lees of Virginia* a panorama of five generations from the seventeenth century to the middle of the nineteenth, and gives an exciting picture of the Colonial struggle in the South and the handling of the Revolution in England and France. Hartley Grattan's *The Three Jameses*, more specialized in aim, as is suggested by its subtitle, A Family of Minds, is nevertheless a valuable clue to various outstanding intellectual currents of the entire nineteenth century. James Truslow Adams's *The Adams Family*, which might have been the most illuminating of all, is a disappointingly slipshod and superficial book. The Adamses neither lost their grip on the vital forces of their day, like the Lees, nor narrowed themselves to specialized interests, like the Jameses, but grew, in the person of Henry Adams, increasingly aware of the whole cosmos around them. Hasty and sometimes even misleading in his account of Revolutionary politics, Mr. Adams also fails almost entirely to bring out the significance of Henry Adams's philosophy of history and of his response to capitalist imperialism and industrialism.

But with such themes we have already entered the venalities of post-Civil-war society, "a bankers' world," in Henry Adams's words, the railroads more corrupt and more powerful than ever, pork-barrel legislation, the hegemony of Wall Street, the Senate a rich men's club, the plush and poverty of the 'eighties and 'nineties, the Molly Maguires, the Haymarket bombing, industrial conflict, trust-busting — all those events of "only yesterday" that are the immediate prelude to our times. These too we find in biography, in Allan Nevins's sometimes

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rather pedestrian but able *Hamilton Fish*, in his *Blaine of Maine* and *Roscoe Conkling*, in Dennis Tilden Lynch's *Grover Cleveland*, and in Josephson's just published *The Politicos*.

Indeed, we cannot too strongly insist that the whole American past, mirrored in modern biography, is implicit in contemporary society, infused in contemporary consciousness. Not only is it the soil out of which the present has grown, but our biographers have everywhere been preoccupied with establishing its richness and relevance. This is as true of the necessitarianism of Jonathan Edwards, in Henry Bamford Parkes's study, or the antinomianism of Anne Hutchinson (Helen Augur's *An American Jezebel*), as of Newton Baker's detailed *Woodrow Wilson*. Books like Boyd's *Mad Anthony Wayne* and *Light Horse Harry*, Lewis's *Sherman*, and Elliott's *Winfield Scott* have not been so much concerned with building an American pantheon as with clarifying an available past. And doing so, they, with most of the others mentioned, have demonstrated that that past is a living part of the present.

Biography so conceived not only reveals the past as organically related to the present age; it reveals our own cultural orientation. Our need to see life as a social-psychological-economic whole is as visible in the interpretations as in the tools brought to the interpretation. Evolution, industrialism, technology, have stamped their impress upon biography with the profound effects they have had everywhere upon modern life.

They have not, indeed, so far, achieved any very revelatory biography *of science*, most of the lives of inventors and scientists now in print being individual success stories or romances in scientific magic, like *The Life of Charles P. Steinmetz* or Martin and Dyer's *Edison: His Life and In-*

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ventions. We have yet to read a really good biography of Joseph Henry or Willard Gibbs. Professor Bell and Professor More have perhaps opened such a vein in American biography, although not with American subjects, in their *Men of Mathematics* and *Sir Isaac Newton*. But the principles and the spirit of modern science have laid a directing hand upon biography in both its aims and its methods.

However far we range through its enormous gallery of portraits, we find that realization intensified. Modern biography yields to no other art as a reflection of the modern spirit. It has seized upon instruments from all over the world and from every intellectual discipline. The devices of imaginative literature no less than the means of research and verification are its possessions. Human nature, not obscured but even more sharply illuminated by all the searchlights of every kind of analysis, is seen enriched in its pages, as a part of society and as a part of the universe in which humanity is a dweller. Fortified and enlightened by its picture of the past and the present, we may confront that universe: alive to both its perils and its promise. No realm of art can lay a prouder claim than biography today to being a mirror of the modern world.

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Sinclair Lewis — His Critics and the Public

LLOYD MORRIS

THE RECEPTION of Sinclair Lewis's latest novel sets a problem for critics. Published in January, by April *The Prodigal Parents* stood near the top of all lists of best-selling fiction. Yet few books within recent years have had a press so completely unfavorable. It took a beating from the reviewers. And in the process of inflicting punishment, these gentlemen showed scant mercy to Mr. Lewis.

Their verdict is fairly represented by that of J. Donald Adams in the New York *Times Book Review*. The great talent which gave us *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, and *Arrowsmith*, Mr. Adams declared, is reduced to the shadow of itself in *The Prodigal Parents*. "What has been happening to that talent was perhaps inevitable, and inherent in the very qualities which have made Mr. Lewis's fame," he continued, turning from the book to its author. "He is the greatest photographer in fiction that we have produced; there is no sharper eye than his in literature. The best achievements of his remarkable gift are not to be minimized; they are perfection of their kind; but he has never been in the full sense of the word an artist. . . . A tincture of poetry and philosophy was not among the gifts allowed him, and it is that lack which has prevented the deepening of his craft. As time goes on, we have only new snapshots, less sharply focussed than they were."

That his fellow reviewers concurred in Mr. Adams's verdict, makes it the more arresting. It is the kind of token which critics usually reserve for the final appraisals required when death terminates a long and distinguished

The Prodigal Parents. By Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

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literary career. Its tone is reminiscent of their valedictions to Conrad, Bennett, and Galsworthy: eminent writers, but to their taste lacking indispensable attributes of greatness. Their verdict on Mr. Lewis regretfully invites him to permanent eclipse.

Fortunately for our only Nobel prizeman in fiction, there exist obvious factors to offset this melancholy prospect. Not the least of these, of course, is the response of the reading public. For if the verdict of the reviewing fraternity had any appreciable influence on readers, *The Prodigal Parents* would scarcely have reached its present position among best-sellers. It is patently absurd to suppose that thousands of people have spent money merely to enjoy a widely predicted disappointment. Nor is it entirely reasonable to assume that the memory of Mr. Lewis's past achievements has sustained their interest through three books reviewed with diminishing enthusiasm, for a fourth heralded as a disastrous failure. That the reading public has virtually ignored this cumulative re-appraisal of Mr. Lewis is significant. It implies a profound and vital disagreement. Perhaps the public finds merits in Mr. Lewis's novels which his critics have inexplicably failed to discover. Or perhaps the critics, since Mr. Lewis's first sensational success with *Main Street*, have been barking up the wrong tree.

Although disguised by new accents of finality, the charge which Mr. Adams brings against Mr. Lewis is an old one. For to declare that Mr. Lewis "has never been in the full sense of the word an artist," is merely to paraphrase what even his most sympathetic critics have freely acknowledged these past fifteen years. *Main Street* appeared in 1920, *Babbitt* two years later, and many of us still recall the effect of their impact on the American mind. It was bracing and tonic, like that of a stiff, salt

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gale. It swept away a mass of cobwebs. It exposed pitilessly, under a harsh light, much unlovely mental furniture: prejudices, cruelties, vulgarities, complacencies, a superstitious and aggressive materialism. And — unperceived by many of us at the time —it touched some genuine excellences. More impressively still, it established one positive conviction. A new, vigorous, independent spirit was at work upon the materials of American life, turning them into fiction capable of interpreting us to ourselves. Best of all, that spirit was thoroughly American in discipline and utterance; in the bright facets of its curiosity, humor, quick penetration, sound commonsense; in its idealism, expressed only negatively by withering contempt for all shams and shoddy.

That was the effect upon most readers of Mr. Lewis's meteoric emergence as a major novelist. But as time passed, and he continued to publish fiction, the critics recovered from his initial impact. They became sensitive to an obligation to account for him; as if he were an unexploited resource. And it was at this point that the charge reiterated by Mr. Adams first gained currency.

In its original form, this charge was probably a result of their attempt to fit Mr. Lewis's books into traditional categories. Because he was at heart a reformer — what American writer of first importance has not been? — it was easy to conclude that Mr. Lewis's principal interest was the indictment of American culture and environment. If such was, indeed, his principal interest, it followed that Mr. Lewis was exclusively a satirist. This label drew added plausibility from the quality of his humor: always dry, often bitter, sometimes harshly comminatory. But satire, the critics remembered, is an art of distortion. It does not propose to see life steadily and see it whole. To the contrary, it proceeds by an

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artful selection of phenomena detached from their context, and achieves a partial portrait by exaggerating their saliency.

If Mr. Lewis was a satirist, it seemed likely that he was using the method of satire in delineating American life. This explained his painstaking documentation, his meticulous photographic notation of detail. These were useful in producing a thoroughly deceptive effect of truth. But truth in its universal forms is not the satirist's quarry, and could not be Mr. Lewis's. The advantage accruing to his realism was something inferior: mere credibility. What better proof could be adduced than that, although every woman recognized Carol Kennicott in her neighbors, no woman identified Carol with herself? Or that although the membership of every club was Babbitry, no man acknowledged the Babbitt in his mirror? No: being a satirist, Mr. Lewis had achieved only a partial portrait, however astonishing its verisimilitude, however powerful its indictment. Incomparably our greatest master in satire, he was able always to persuade our contempt for those aspects of American life which aroused his moral scorn. But as a novelist he suffered from one vitiating defect. Capable as he was of exposing those elements in our way of life which might properly move us to shame, he lacked the ability to include in his picture the vision of a better way of living.

Such, in substance, was the judgment of Mr. Lewis and his works put forward by our official critics. The profound disagreement between critics and reading public — so forcibly demonstrated today by their reception of *The Prodigal Parents* — had already developed. Unchanged, and with some remarkable results, it has persisted ever since. Apparently it had no effect whatever on Mr. Lewis. If not "in the full sense of the word an artist," he con-

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tinued on his way with an integrity that only very great artists have practised. Having found a method congenial to his talents and appropriate to his materials, he employed it without important modifications. From book to book, the method was identical: but — as the critics failed to perceive — intention and content varied significantly. For the critics, there may be an excuse in the fact that Mr. Lewis's method, like every other, had its peculiar limitations; and that these debarred him from enterprises not within the scope of his talents or, quite possibly, his interest. Having proclaimed him a satirist, they stuck to their guns. But there was a certain inconsistency in the charge always brought against him. It is no part of the satirist's business to project the vision of a way of life superior to that for which he invites our scorn.

Had the critics been less obstinately committed to their categorical label, they would not have ignored the significant differences in Mr. Lewis's work from book to book. Likewise, they might have been accessible to certain factors which, presumably, the American and European reading publics took into account. In Europe, to the occasional discomfiture of some Americans, Mr. Lewis has never been considered exclusively a satirist. The long, respectable tradition of realism had prepared the way for his method, and he seemed to be using that method for its traditional purposes. Even his innovations seemed less personal to Europeans than they did to us. Dry humor? There had been Mark Twain before him, and a host of others; and what about the allegorical figure of Uncle Sam? Scepticism? That was in tune with the times, the whole world over. The reforming spirit? American writers had always expressed it: witness Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, the later Mark Twain. The vision of a better way of life? Well, the times found

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Utopias at a discount: meanwhile, you couldn't deny that *Arrowsmith* and *Dodsworth* were groping toward such a vision, and what more positive than the quest had been offered by Hawthorne or Melville, the most philosophical novelists America had yet produced? Even his apparent lack of an integrating philosophy made Mr. Lewis the more impressively American. Had not all American philosophy grounded itself solidly upon homespun commonsense? For Mr. Lewis, commonsense had become a philosophy. Clearly, his purpose was to achieve a scrupulously faithful picture of American life in its own terms. And when the Nobel Prize was bestowed upon him as America's most distinguished contemporary novelist, the European reading public approved the award.

The American reading public may have been perplexed by a critical verdict which restricted Mr. Lewis to satire and denied him recognition as an artist. For here was a writer at least one of whose creations had entered American folklore. Babbitt as a descriptive term had been incorporated in the language; as an allegorical figure had been acknowledged to be universally applicable; and to the nation's mind had become as familiar as Uncle Sam himself. Furthermore, serious American readers were quick to perceive in Lewis's work that element of absolute *discovery* which is inherent to art. When they came to read such books as *Middletown* and *Middletown in Transition*, competent sociological studies of American culture, they realized how completely Mr. Lewis had anticipated these in *Babbitt*, *Arrowsmith*, *Elmer Gantry*, and *Dodsworth*. The pictures corresponded, detail for detail. And art had discovered what science was later to verify.

While American critics read Mr. Lewis with attention to his method, American readers presumably fixed their

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minds on what he was trying to say. As the years passed, they took account of the increasingly affirmative content of his novels. But they were never blind to those features of his writing which the critics had labelled satire. A difference in perspective merely resulted in a difference of interpretation.

Readers guessed that Mr. Lewis was essentially a moralist. Like Hawthorne and Melville before him, he expressed his idealism obliquely. Since most moralists are disillusioned sentimentalists, they were not surprised by the strong tincture of sentimentality in Mr. Lewis's books. Vigorous and forthright in his scorn of those elements in our culture which set obstacles to its inherent ideal, he became embarrassed and mawkish whenever confronted by an approximation of that ideal in actual experience. He therefore seemed unable to define it precisely. Yet, implicit, it illuminated all his books from *Main Street* to *The Prodigal Parents*. And in each new book he revealed it more clearly, in terms of a more lavish affection for the characters who sought it. Only the purblind — and perhaps the professional critics — could ignore a progressive identification of the author with his material.

For the better way of life which Mr. Lewis has never explicitly proposed is not a new one. It is the life of American yesterdays. It is the old, free, democratic, individualistic career of the middle class. Shorn of its excrescences, which provoke his denunciation, it is the romantic "American dream." That dream promised freedom when mastery of environment had been achieved. The fate of those characters who have enlisted Mr. Lewis's affection, from Dr. Kennicott to Fred Cornplow, states the irony of non-fulfillment. Having achieved material success — the equivalent of mastery — they learn that they are the slaves, not the masters, of their world.

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It is precisely because his vision of life is nostalgic, not confidently prospective, that Mr. Lewis has succeeded in holding the loyalty of a large segment of the reading public. For there can be little doubt that he expresses them fully, and to their approximate satisfaction. Like Mr. Lewis, they are disenchanted with reality, but fearful of change. Like him, they resent as a hideous plight the current state of transition. And like him, though even less articulately, they cling to a dream which every passing day makes more improbable. He speaks for them eloquently in phrasing the hopes of vanished yesterdays. They are — if a guess is permissable — the fifteen million Americans who, facing the wreckage of their reality and their dreams, marched to the polls and voted for Mr. Hoover. For Mr. Hoover spoke for them too.

That their loyalty to Mr. Lewis has put *The Prodigal Parents* high among best-sellers, is in no way surprising. It is a book marvellously attuned to their present temper; compact of their perplexity, prejudices, distrusts, and resentment. The critics, still obstinately concerned with Mr. Lewis as a master of invective and indictment, proclaimed it an utter failure. It contains nothing but thesis and method, they asserted, and carries both to the extreme of breakdown. Had they understood Mr. Lewis as the reading public has always understood him, they could only have concluded that once again Mr. Lewis has accomplished — though within exceedingly narrow limits — exactly what he set out to do.

There is no need to deny that *The Prodigal Parents* is inferior to any novel that Mr. Lewis has yet written. The important point is that it is well served by its most glaring defects. For the sum total to which those defects add up is a moral sermon. Mr. Lewis the moralist has, in this book as in *It Can't Happen Here*, made a bondserv-

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ant of Mr. Lewis the artist. And he is preaching to an already converted audience. All too cagily, he announces as the topic of his sermon, "The Revolt of the Parents Against the Revolt of Youth." It isn't the true topic. It is merely an incidental illustration. For in this book Mr. Lewis is exhorting his audience to resist the force which threatens to invalidate their lives and the beliefs they have lived by. That force is change.

Naturally, he loads his dice; loads them so heavily as to make them seem merely grotesque to any dissenters. But among an audience long since converted they pass as honest. In the Fred and Hazel Cornplow of his story — moderately successful, middle-aged, devoted to one another and their children, incurably romantic, self-reliant and democratic individualists — the members of that audience will recognize themselves. They are the salt of the earth, the saving remnant, the bulwark of old decencies and established ways of life. And, undeniably, they are very real people, bred of the America of yesterday. Mr. Lewis's loaded dice are the younger generation, to whose rescue they are compelled to come.

The younger generation represents change: not continuity, but abrupt and violent deviation. Clearly it was not Mr. Lewis's intention to portray them sympathetically, to study them as they are in life. Rather, he wanted to use them as moral symbols. They embody, in a kind of vacant caricature, most of the psychological hobgoblins which threaten the peace of several million old-fashioned Americans. They are the hallucinatory concepts of communism, moral disintegration, social and economic collapse, which haunt the Cornplows in a world somehow gone haywire, and only to be restored by steadfast loyalty to traditional faiths. It is useless, therefore, to discuss them as characters in a work of fiction, or men

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and women emerging from the reality of life. Their function in *The Prodigal Parents* is merely to incarnate the prejudices and fears of many million Cornplows. They perform this function admirably for the Cornplows in Mr. Lewis's audience. For all other readers, they must stand as an ignoble travesty of a generation groping toward a clearer vision of the future.

For fifteen years Mr. Lewis's critics have denied him recognition as an artist because — in their opinion — he has always failed to include in his picture the definition of a good life. In *The Prodigal Parents* he has furnished that definition, explicitly and fully. He has never been less an artist.

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The Mother of *Little Women*

ODELL SHEPARD

BIOGRAPHICAL writing is so important to us all, and the biographer, whether he knows it or not, carries such a weight of social responsibility, that we may well remind ourselves in the midst of our present chaos what sort of thing good biography has been in the past and by what processes we may hope to produce it again.

A great deal of hard and patient work may reasonably be expected of anyone who undertakes to interpret for us the life of a famous man or woman. As a matter of course, such a biographer will search out and exhaust every source of information about the subject of his study. He will strive to make himself at home in the time and place of his subject's life. He will prove every assertion that he makes, or at least stand ready to prove it; and when he is obliged to conjecture he will do so with extreme caution and always in such a way that his reader will know where provable fact leaves off and personal conjecture begins. Without ever forgetting that biography is an art, he will never confuse it with the art of fiction. Imagination he will use to penetrate and illumine his facts, never to fabricate them. By every means in his power he will seek to enter the mind and spirit of his subject, but he will realize that no master-key has ever been made — no, not even contemporary psychological analysis — upon which we can depend for the unlocking of all human secrets. He will be humble, self-forgetful, and yet unafraid, so that when he comes to final interpretation he will neither flinch from the task nor rush

Louisa May Alcott. By Katharine Anthony. Knopf. $3.00

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upon it with a brash self-assurance. So far as he is able he will make due allowance for all the predilections, prejudices, and habits of thought which he knows to be peculiar to himself or to his epoch. He will try to see and to present his subject with an intense disinterestedness, a passionate detachment, and with that impartiality which comes only of complete devotion to the enduring truth. In none of these efforts, of course, will he perfectly succeed. He is blame-worthy only if he does not make them.

On almost every count named above Miss Anthony's book about one of the most widely beloved of American writers calls for serious and plain-spoken blame. It is not, to be sure, intrinsically important, and yet it has a value, as a clear illustration of certain vices and absurdities in many of our recent biographical writing. If one treats it seriously, therefore, it is in the hope of hastening by ever so little the time when biographers will more fully recognize and accept their obligations.

Miss Anthony tells us in her Preface that she considers the life of Louisa May Alcott "a subject for consideration by adult intelligences." Undoubtedly it is so, but this does not necessarily imply that the intelligence of Louisa herself was fully adult. In mind and emotion she never emerged from adolescence. To the end of her brave beneficent life she was a tom-boy, gauche and shy, abrupt and somewhat harsh in manner, covering her inherent sentimentality with honest affectations of bluntness. One may like her the better for all this, as millions have done, but the fact remains that she never grew up; and this fact is one of the first that an adult intelligence will discover. Here lies one main reason for her lifelong "identification with children" and for the fact which Miss Anthony has observed that all books about her, "whatever their nature and purpose, are classed as children's books."

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The failure to realize, record, and steadily allow for this fact leads on to other failures and misinterpretations in Miss Anthony's book. And yet the fact itself is patent enough. It is clearly discernible in Louisa's photographs, in her hand-writing, in the style of her prose and verse. Living almost always among intellectuals, she preserved to the age of fifty-six that contempt for ideas which is normal among boys and girls of fifteen. Loving her father and her father's closest friends devotedly, she took not the slightest interest in the abstract thought of Bronson Alcott, Emerson, and Thoreau. To her as to her mother "philosophers" were always rather ridiculous. She seems to have felt, moreover, that love, marriage, and child-bearing were interruptions of serious business — although she never quite made out what the serious business of life really is, unless it be earning a livelihood. When she wrote for and about adults she wrote badly, because ignorantly. The crudity of her thought and emotion is sometimes amazing. "I've often longed to see a war," she said when the Civil war broke out, "and now I have my wish." Writing home from Europe, she exclaimed: "The breaking out of this silly little war between France and Prussia will play the deuce with our letters." Though written by a woman of mature years, these words show the bounce and swagger of a mind that has never really faced life's darker mysteries. Louisa endured poverty with courage if not with patience, and she saw human suffering in some of its most terrible and pathetic forms, but not even these experiences brought her maturity.

In this failure, no doubt, lies one secret of her worldly success. Her popularity reminds one that the American public is itself immature in thought and mood. Thousands of gray-haired Americans who recently found

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themselves entirely at home at the moving-picture of *Little Women* were in perfect agreement with Louisa's belief that early youth is the best of life. And they thought thus, as she did, because early youth was the phase of life that they had most deeply and fully experienced.

Louisa Alcott lived a triumphant and not unhappy life in which sex, as we ordinarily understand the word, played little part. There was little of the mother and nothing of the mistress in her, but there was much of the fiercely devoted daughter. Miss Anthony knows the pertinent facts, but she does not wish to draw the inference. Her unstated thesis is that Louisa was "sex-starved." And yet this seems to her so pitiful a condition that she grants Louisa, out of pure kindness of heart, a love affair for which she cites no real evidence whatever. The consumptive Polish youth, Ladislas Wisniewsky, twenty-one years old when Louisa at the age of thirty-three first met him, is named for the masculine role. At the height of her generosity Miss Anthony remarks: "Whatever the nature of the supreme moment in their relationship was, Louisa does not reveal it."

The insinuation — one of Miss Anthony's favorite literary devices — is clear enough. A cautious reader will remind himself, however, that quite possibly there was nothing to reveal about the "supreme moment" of an ardent friendship which Miss Anthony has dressed up to suit her own notions. Presumably she has no more knowledge of the relationship in question than Miss Cornelia Meigs had when she wrote that it "could never be called a love affair." If she has more knowledge, then she, like Louisa, "does not reveal it." She prefers the method of innuendo.

Those who insist upon finding "sex interest" everywhere, and especially where it is least discernible to the

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uninstructed eye, will be entertained by Miss Anthony's theory that May Alcott, even after her marriage and the birth of her child, was in love with the remarkable physician and sculptor Dr. William Rimmer, and that her own death may have been hastened by the news of his. It is true that Dr. Rimmer was twenty-four years older than May Alcott, that he was immensely her superior in mental power and artistic ability, that the associations of the two had been of the slightest, and that May Alcott never expressed the least feeling toward him, so far as we know, of an amatory sort. It is true, also, that May Alcott did express, to the end of her life, a rapturous affection for her husband and her new-born child. To the real initiate in sex-lore, however, all of these are highly suspicious circumstances.

Miss Anthony carries her method of insinuation to an extreme in her repeated suggestions concerning an "emotional situation" involving Charles Lane and Mrs. Bronson Alcott. As a matter of fact there was such a situation, for Mrs. Alcott hated and feared Charles Lane, thinking for a while that he might succeed in luring her beloved husband from her. Miss Anthony, however, although she is delightfully unspecific, leaves in her reader's mind the implication that Lane and Mrs. Alcott were in love, and that they misbehaved themselves in a way of which even Louisa, then a child, became aware. For this, one may as well say at once, the evidence is non-existent. But, true to her method of basing one wild assertion upon another, Miss Anthony proceeds to tell us that Louisa's novel *Moods* was "probably suggested by the crisis between Bronson Alcott, Charles Lane, and Abba Alcott." Then she forgets the qualifying words "probably" and "suggested," assuming it as a thing proved that Louisa wrote a novel about an illicit amatory "situation" in

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which her own mother was involved. Modern psychiatry, one sees, is a wonderfully emboldening thing.

Insinuations of this kind will trouble the admirers of Louisa less and less, however, as they discover that Miss Anthony has no consistent understanding of her subject and has not paid the price of such understanding. She says nothing of value about the times, places, events, and ideas by which Louisa's life was shaped. She makes no effort to bring before us the noble persons whom Louisa had the good fortune to know. Louisa's mother — to whom Miss Anthony is unfair — is left unrealized and dim. The handling of superficial facts, easily accessible to anyone, is ludicrously inaccurate. Thus, it is not true to say that Alcott and his wife opened, after their return to Boston from Philadelphia, "the same school they had with so little thought abandoned." Anna Alcott was not born in the same room or in the same house as Louisa. Although it is true that Mrs. Alcott's father "is said to have been the original of *The Last Leaf*" by Oliver Wendell Holmes, we have it on the authority of Holmes himself that he was not so. Miss Martineau's attack upon the Temple School had no effect upon that school's failure. Bronson Alcott and Emerson did not "become acquainted in June, 1836," or in Alcott's schoolroom, but eleven months earlier, at Alcott's lodgings. Miss Anthony is wrong in the date she gives for Alcott's return from England. She is amusingly wrong in saying that "the Concord houses along the Lexington Road were all of the same type as the Old Manse," and inexcusably wrong in asserting that the house of *Little Women* is presented as it was "before Alcott had made any changes." Mrs. Alcott's reports of her work as visitor to the Boston poor have not "vanished." Neither have the "lectures" or Conversations given by her husband in the

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West, or his records of his ten tours of the West — those tours which by no means "came round as regularly as the equinoxes." Alcott's "tall figure" can scarcely have been "familiar" in Florida because he never crossed the border of that State. Louisa did not spend "twenty years of her life" at Orchard House because, as Miss Anthony points out, although she loved her family she could not live with them for any length of time. Alcott did not deliver "fifty or more lectures" at the Concord School of Philosophy but about five a year, for three years. It is untrue to say that "Louisa never put her father in a work of fiction except most casually," for Bronson Alcott is the main figure in her story *Transcendental Wild Oats.*

And so one might go on, if these instances of error were not more than enough to show that Miss Anthony has failed to master even the surface of her topic. One is indeed somewhat shocked to find a biographer of Louisa May Alcott placing Fruitlands, where the Alcott family went through its most widely famous adventure, "in Roxbury." Can it be, one asks in amazement, that Miss Anthony does not know the difference between the Brook Farm Community, which was indeed seated in West Roxbury, and the Fruitlands experiment in the town of Harvard, a good thirty miles away? Even this, however, is not so serious as the startling assertion that Bronson Alcott "had always been the greatest lover of poetry in America," or that the French poodle in *Under the Lilacs* "was one of those miracles of art which made Louisa great."

Of course Louisa was not really "great" at all. She was honest, earnest, devoted, and utterly true. She was clean-thoughted, straight-grained, and warm of heart. It is for this, and not for any miracles of art or for genius of any kind, that millions have loved her and love her still. She

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never troubled her head about "genius" or "inspiration," but got her work done and kept still about it. The whole elaborate nonsense of literary fame and its grievous penalties disgusted her, as well it might, and one hesitates to imagine the fiery wrath with which she would have descended upon a few of her recent sentimental and psychiatric admirers. She was not what used to be called "a beautiful soul," nor was she remarkable for suffering fools gladly. Often she was a perfect tempest of voluble and destructive indignation, and most of her books were written in a sort of mental whirlwind. This is one reason why she never learned to write particularly well, and another reason is that her father, who taught her most of what she knew, was not himself a good writer. From him, however, she took those two themes, home and childhood, which were dearest of all to his heart and were nearest, therefore, to hers. About the home that he had made in the face of all difficulty, and about the children of his body and mind and soul, Louisa wrote with a direct burning sincerity which triumphed over all her ineptitudes and went home to the heart of the western world. In every deeper sense Bronson Alcott was the father of *Little Women*, but he needed the help of that dark-haired, dark-eyed daughter from whom he had expected least. A strange, noble, and beautiful partnership was this. We shall cherish it more and more as we understand it more fully.

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Aftermath of Civil War

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

MILITARY conquest, with its aim the death of the enemy and the destruction of his property, is a relatively straightforward and simple matter which may, on occasion, evoke the nobler emotions. But the peacemaking that follows wars of all kinds is an eternally complicated and vexatious business, a truism that hardly needs restating to a world now suffering from the blunders of Versailles. Civil strife multiplies all the problems involved and intensifies the dangerous emotional elements, because it means that brothers who have learned to hate and who have shed each other's blood in hatred, must not only learn to live once more in peace and mutual tolerance, but must, in a manner of speaking, so far forget their enmity as to sit down again at the same table and carry on the business of life under the same roof, which is infinitely more difficult than getting along with mere neighbors who do not by their physical presence constitute a reminder of the bloody past.

Regardless, then, of any extraneous or fortuitous elements, the victorious North in our own War between the States faced a task of herculean proportions when it undertook to "reconstruct" the shattered union. That the effort was one of the most miserable failures in history and that it left its clear mark upon our own times are both matters of universal agreement. But if we admit that we touched bottom in the years that came after Appomattox, and if the South was forced to undertake a counter-revolution — in a sense to fight a second war —

The Story of Reconstruction: 1865–1877. By Robert Selph Henry. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.00
The Politicos. By Matthew Josephson. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75

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to throw off the effects of a policy in which revenge was a powerful motive, but in which desire for absolute political control was the major factor, the story is not solidly black. For, as Paul H. Buck pointed out in *The Road to Reunion*, recently reviewed here, the forces of reconciliation worked side by side with the forces of hatred and destruction, accomplishing their work with amazing swiftness when the turn of events gave them the opportunity.

The history of the reconstruction period has been told many times both independently and as a part of studies of the whole American picture. Perhaps the most widely read book on the subject was Claude G. Bowers' *The Tragic Era*, written with both heat and power, but strongly partisan in its tone. It remains, however, a highly dramatic and very readable treatment. W. E. D. DuBois even went so far as to give a Marxian interpretation to the southern side of the story in his *Black Reconstruction*, which in spite of its peculiar and not altogether convincing ideological slant, contains much of value in its consideration of the contributions made by intelligent Negro leaders during their brief period of influence on political affairs. There have been other volumes, too, including some earlier ones in which the intense bitterness of the time is the most striking characteristic and the interpretations too one-sided to have much value.

But the fully detailed account of the events of the years between 1865 and 1877, the period that stretched from the surrender of Lee's army to the successful recapture of the government of the last Southern state, Louisiana, by native white citizens, has never before been done with such thoroughness as it is in Robert Selph Henry's *The Story of Reconstruction*, a companion volume to this author's deservedly well known *The Story of the Confederacy*. And while Mr. Henry writes from the southern point of view,

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the most striking feature of his narrative is its consistent fairness, its quietly balanced judgment. He concedes willingly that the motives of the men who made such a hideous mess of things after they had succeeded in taking the play from the hands of Andrew Johnson were often mixed with good, and he is not even very unkind when he comes to sum up the character and achievements of that arch-radical, Thaddeus Stevens. It was Stevens who not only wished to treat the southern states as conquered provinces, but who followed undeviatingly his belief that "the party of the Union must be preserved in perpetual ascendancy."

In fact, Mr. Henry is more lenient in his judgment of the northern leaders who, after winning their battle with Johnson, a strict constitutionalist and the natural heir to Lincoln's conciliatory policies, sought to impose their will on the defeated South, than is Matthew Josephson, who, in his *The Politicos*, a complementary work to *The Robber Barons*, devotes 275 pages of his 708 to the epoch under discussion. Mr. Josephson sees Stevens as the perfect representative of the industrial North with a natural hatred of the agrarian South and everything it stood for, and gives him less credit for honesty of motive in his championing of the Negro's right to suffrage than does Mr. Henry.

This divergence of opinion is, however, less important than the manner in which the two books supplement each other, at least so long as they are parallel in time. Actually, Mr. Josephson is not writing primarily about Reconstruction at all, but about the growth of the two-party system in America, the Ins and the Outs, and the way in which both organizations have served, in his opinion, the cause of capitalistic development. He comes as far down as 1896, when Mark Hanna was the businessman-boss,

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symbol of the perfect fusion between money-making and politics toward which the whole era had been tending. Without the Civil war, which obviously gave the Republicans the emotional issues they needed to keep the voters in line, it is unlikely that the politicos could have been so useful to the robber barons as they were. Without the rigid policy of reconstruction which forced all the best element of the white South into the Democratic party, willy-nilly, there would plainly be no such illogical, but unshatterable, political line-up as we have today.

Mr. Josephson opens with a quotation from Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy under Lincoln, "The talk and labor is of Reconstruction, for this is the engine by which they hold power, yet not a man among that great number . . . appears to know what he means by Reconstruction." Andrew Johnson knew, however, and if he had been let alone — this is the verdict of virtually all the later historians — the darkest chapter in all our history might have been written in far brighter colors. But he fell a victim to men of meaner motives, partly, it is true, because of his own tactical blunders, and partly because it was inevitable that Congress should try to recapture much of the power it had surrendered to the President during the prosecution of the war. Again, as Mr. Henry points out, if the machinery for getting the states that had seceded back into the Union had been in existence in 1865, the task might have been accomplished before the radicals could get in their dirty work. But the Constitution had failed to provide for any such contingency and while the question of method was being argued, Stevens, Wade, Sumner and Stanton, among others, put into effect their policy of control by force which was responsible for all the mischief that followed.

The chronology of the various changes in the situation,

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as digested from Mr. Henry's full account, makes an interesting outline by which to check the ups-and-downs. The year of the surrender represented a peaceful lull, with both sides thoroughly war-weary; the prostrate South and the victorious North took a vacation from hatred and turned with unmistakable relief to the ordinary duties of life. In the South, northern garrisons and Freedmen's Bureaus fed the hungry without distinction as to color, and there were plenty to be fed. There were "Lincoln governments" in Louisiana, Arkansas, Tennessee and Virginia, set up either during the war or immediately after its close, and since Congress did not meet until late in the year, Johnson's friendly policy made steady and encouraging headway. Military leaders on both sides, Grant and Sherman, Lee and Johnston conspicuous among them, were among the strongest elements for reconciliation.

The fight between Congress and the President, eventually to reach a climax in the famous attempt at the impeachment of Johnson, began in late 1865 and carried over well into the next year. The sittings of the Committee of Fifteen in Washington, a partisan investigation of reputed conditions in the South, where, according to Mr. Henry, whites and blacks were trying, and with a good deal of success, to work out a practical solution for their new relationship, helped the cause of the radicals and paved the way for the passage by Congress of the Fourteenth Amendment. This curiously complex piece of legislation, four amendments in one bound tightly together, was not, in Mr. Henry's opinion, actually intended for adoption by the southern states as a sort of ticket to readmission. He writes of it:

> . . . the astute authors of this amendment did not expect the Southern states to consent to it, and would have been discon-

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> certed if they had. The Fourteenth Amendment, as offered, was not a statement to the South of terms and conditions of admission. It was a statement to the voters of the North of a campaign platform on which to carry an election — after which, any implied promise in the amendment could be disregarded and the Southern states made over to the right measure.

Mr. Josephson's comment on the same subject is also worth quoting:

> The Fourteenth Amendment, sent to the state legislatures for ratification in the summer of 1886, served as a kind of Trojan Horse by which the citadel of the former rebels and Democrats was stormed. It was a most complex affair, in truth, cunningly made of several different kinds of material and paint.

The Congressional elections of 1866, marked by a free waving of the Bloody Shirt and also a free use of patronage, and not uninfluenced by unfortunate race riots in the South, went heavily Republican and the radicals assumed that this was meant as an endorsement of their policy of severity. In March, 1867, the Stevens Reconstruction bill was passed over Johnson's veto, — not many months afterward Stevens was dead, but with his work done — dividing the South into five military districts and ignoring altogether the various types of provisional governments that were then functioning. By 1868, only Georgia, Mississippi, Virginia and Texas were still out of the Union, and by 1870, they, too, had been driven like reluctant cattle, back into the corral.

Grant had become president and the scandals that were to mark the entire course of his administrations were already getting under way. In fact, so much attention was just then being given to plain and fancy stealing and to aiding the ambitious schemes of the robber barons — it was, of course, a period of dizzying industrial expansion, and all the circumstances were auspicious for wide-

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spread graft — that the South had, or took, a chance to start its counter-revolution. Mr. Henry contends that even before the last of the southern states had been "reconstructed," placed in the hands of the military, the carpetbaggers and the newly enfranchised Negroes, that is, the newly created governments were beginning to crumble. Throughout the numerous elections in 1870, there were signs of growing revolt against extravagant and inefficient governments operating without the consent of the governed, and the Ku Klux Klan, founded in 1866, was generally active.

By 1872, Mr. Henry tells us, the northern voters were beginning to take a more critical attitude toward misgovernment in the South, partly under the influence of "scandals in the national administration" — treated in full detail by Mr. Josephson — and the schisms in the Republican party which made citizens less willing to accept at face value protestations of purity and patriotism from anyone merely because he wore the label Republican. One after another, the southern states swung back into the control of native white voters, the victories being won both by force and stratagem, whatever weapons were handiest and most efficient, and by 1877 the whole Reconstruction episode was at an end except for its terrible scar on southern civilization which still throbs at the slightest hint of danger. Four years of war, twelve years of Reconstruction, and the bitterness left behind the latter incomparably greater than that left behind by the actual bloodshed.

On the vital question of Negro suffrage, not yet solved, Mr. Henry considers it unfortunate that the vote was extended to illiterate masses who were easily handled by self-seeking politicians; the color of the masses he considers of less moment than the obvious fact that they were

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completely without training for citizenship or the holding of public office, even in the rare cases when they had been educated at all. Mr. Josephson's contention is that the Negro proletariat was simply sold out by the radical leaders, who led it on with false promises, used it for party advantage, and then abandoned it to its fate when it could no longer be effectively handled. Mr. Henry is careful to point out that there were Negro leaders of intelligence and integrity in most of the southern states, and also to distinguish between the good and bad Northerners who flocked south after the war, some in search of loot and others in search of honest economic advantages which the stricken section offered during the period of its rapid rebuilding.

Considering the tremendous part that railroads played in the whole political and economic drama that was on the boards during the Reconstruction period — it was the time when the conquering of the West with steel rails was the largest single job before the country — it is worth while to note that Mr. Henry, who is a railroad man by profession, gives ample attention to railroad development in the South. He does not stress it to the loss of any other vital phase of the story, but he has a special realization of its importance and gives more space to it than is to be found in most histories. Nor does he exaggerate when he says that wartime destruction of the existing railways in the South played its part in allowing radical propagandists to blind intelligent and fair-minded Northerners to true conditions; the breakdown of all types of communication and transportation undoubtedly played its part in the misunderstandings on both sides that intensified the troubles of a stormy time.

Comparisons between the books reviewed here and the previous works of their authors are inevitable. Both, it

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has to be said, are inferior in sheer readability to their notable predecessors. The reason lies rather in the nature of the material dealt with than in any faults in its handling. It is obviously easier to tell the "story" of a war than to make an ordered, quick-marching narrative of so utterly confused and tangled a subject as Reconstruction, and Mr. Henry's merit lies rather in the completeness of the present volume than in its appeal to the casual reader. No writer who follows him can fail to be deeply indebted for his thorough research, and his unfailing emphasis upon the purely human aspects of his narrative give even the most minutely detailed pages a genial warmth that is often missing from historical writing.

Mr. Josephson's politicians are not so highly colored or so picturesque as his pirates, although he has done a remarkably fine job in giving new interest to many men and many incidents, as well as adding an interpretation that ought to prove interesting even to those who disagree with it. It is at least open to question that either book needed to be quite as long as it is. We seem to be in the middle of a long wave of passion for pure bulk in our writing and it is hardly a tendency to be encouraged.

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A Wider Audience for Poetry

MILDRED BOIE

"I WOULD AS SOON print my poems in a magazine devoted entirely to poetry," said one of America's most prominent poets a few months ago, "as make love in lovers' lane."

His is one of those decisive remarks which make others realize how much less critical and fastidious they themselves have become. For is there not, come to think of it, an amazing number of indifferent little magazines in this country? And isn't the uncritical promiscuity with which many of them are edited and filled likewise amazing — amazing, and weak, superficial, or, at best, over-generous? And do not hundreds of poetry clubs coyly court the muse in groups, and hold up their own ranks by a kind of chain embrace? Surely this flirting with poetry must be a part of our national romanticism, part of our vast, heaving, undiscriminating democracy!

Yet even the poet or the critic who laughs at the little magazines "that died to make verse free," must acknowledge that those magazines, like lovers' lanes, like newspapers and the radio, have given opportunities to hundreds of young persons to, shall we say, express themselves. However common, numerous and weedy the seasonal vistas of hopeful little magazines may be, they do enable poets, especially young poets, to get published. It may be that such publication is valuable largely as a means of revealing to the poet those defects in his poems which seem apparent only when they can no longer be changed.

Because we are now used to these magazines, it is hard

A Poet's Life. By Harriet Monroe. Macmillan. $5.00.

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to realize how much more discouraging and prolonged the wait for publication must have been to young poets fifty years ago, when poems, especially those conventional in form and idea, were used mainly as "fillers" in a few of the regular magazines, and paid for hardly at all. Yet less than thirty years ago the patient but spirited efforts of an unselfish, spunky, well-connected and mature woman won support for a little thirty-two-page magazine of verse — the first unhidebound, critical periodical to be devoted entirely to giving poets a chance to submit their individual poems as more than "fillers," to get just and discerning criticism, and to be assured pay and a paying and interested audience. Shrewd as she was ambitious, this editor was not content to get dribbles of cash or promises of subscriptions. She found experts to help her work out a solid five-year plan of subsidies, and she herself solicited, and got, the work of the best poets in the country.

Perhaps because of her success, *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* has, from the year of its founding, 1912, been challenged and imitated by numerous rivals. But it is the only "little" poetry magazine (except for the older *Poet Lore*, which has devoted itself also to drama) that has a long, honorable and successful record of presenting the best work of all the best poets of this country and England to the small but critical poetry-reading public. The autobiography of its founder, Harriet Monroe, is a record not only of *A Poet's Life — Seventy Years in a Changing World*, but even more important, of poetry in a changing world. Every exciting and substantial development in English poetry for a quarter of a century has been encouraged by and recorded in her magazine. It was *Poetry* that published the early work of Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, Wallace Stevens, Robinson Jeffers,

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Elinor Wylie, Edna Millay, Ezra Pound, Hart Crane, and dozens of others — including the poet who now protests the public wooing of poetry magazines. It was Miss Monroe's *Poetry* that introduced Americans to the work of T. S. Eliot, William Butler Yeats, Rabindranath Tagore, the young English poets, and new experiments in verse.

How did she make *Poetry* such a recognized leader in the publication of verse? She was not a great poet herself. She was not what we would call today a highly trained person, nor does she seem to have been a very original one. She did not live in Paris, London or New York where she might keep in neighborly touch with all that was going on in the arts. She did not have behind her a publication of traditional standing or prestige. Yet she succeeded immediately in winning and keeping the interest not only of rich people, but of young poets clamoring to be heard and also of the established poets and critics of each of the three decades in which she worked.

Her book explains her success in good part. Harriet Monroe was not a child prodigy; her formal education ended at a Southern convent school, and she never went to college. But she won her own education in reading, in travel, in self-acceptance. She had to slough off a great deal of reserve, inferiority, ignorance and "old-fashioned" beliefs, and she did it slowly, patiently and candidly.

Part of her education thus stands revealed as a determined and modest use of what she had, of what she gained through every kind of job and experience — in journalism, as an art critic, in talking with people, in travel. She lacked the provincialism that makes easterners feel superior and westerners inferior about their cultural achievements, and her essays as well as her poems and editorials bear witness to the healthiness of her knowledge of the West, in fact of all of her country. It was not by

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accident that she never moved *Poetry* away from Chicago.

Part of her education also shines through as an ability to accept and use the knowledge of others. The story of her correspondence and partnership with Ezra Pound is but one example. She recognized Pound as a more dynamic critic and poet than herself, and accepted eagerly "the rather violent, but on the whole salutary discipline under the lash of which the editor of the new magazine felt herself being rapidly educated, while all incrustations of habit and prejudice were ruthlessly swept away." She had skill to pick young associates with whom she argued, and to whom she listened; and she was intellectually curious and receptive to other people's suggestions.

This very informality of her education and this open-mindedness were her most valuable assets as an editor, for they kept her free of "schools," of the rigid affiliations that often cause small magazines, and small poets, to limit their work. She appreciated the best in the traditional, but she was remarkably ready to accept experiments. Thus she gave the free verse movement recognition as an effort to make poetry more natural and dynamic, but she never restricted her acceptances to free verse. She opened *Poetry* to the Imagists — in its pages the term was first used in this country — and particularly to its ardent apostles, Ezra Pound and Amy Lowell. But she never made *Poetry* an Imagist magazine. She printed war poems, but never gave in to uncritical or excessive patriotism at the cost of her sustaining interest, the search for beauty. She published special issues, one, for example, of Chinese poems, and another of tribal songs from the Southwest, but she never got fanatically folk-lorish. When a renewed spirit of social criticism began in the 'twenties to call attention to the work of poets like Horace Gregory

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and Kenneth Fearing, it found expression but not consecration in *Poetry;* it was extended in the 1930's by the revolutionary English poets, but not at the expense of the lyric. *Poetry* even anticipated the present revival of interest in drama in verse by publishing short plays.

But it never narrowed its catholicity of taste. This was partly because the magazine insisted on high standards of technical excellence, rather than upon partisan support. It came also from the fact that Miss Monroe was a fighter, devoted, almost consecrated to poetry for some fifty years. In the meantime she sharpened her weapons by fighting for a commission to write a most ambitious ode for the World's Columbian Exposition, demanding and getting a thousand dollars for it; she sued a New York newspaper for a copyright infringement, winning five thousand dollars and a new protection for all writers; she was indignant and active about the small fees and recognition paid to poets.

"I became convinced that something must be done; and since nobody else was doing anything it might be 'up to me' to try to stir up the sluggish situation." She stirred up the poets, most of whom "were doing the same old thing in the same old academic way," and fought the die-hard critics with articles in her magazine and others.

And yet her record of achievement confronts us again with the poet's analogy between poetry magazines and lovers' lanes. Both are places designated for human activities, at their best when spontaneous, natural and integrated. There was of course nothing cheap or common or sentimental in the lane Miss Monroe cultivated. But it had a "specialness" about it that marked it as something apart. And poetry is not, essentially, something to be segregated, to be written in a cloistered room or printed in a special magazine. It is a part of the life of its times.

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If it is to be important, it needs to be read by more than college professors and urban literati. It should not remain the darling of writers and of little magazines only.

Even though the poems published in newspapers and "slick" magazines may be second to tenth rate, at least they are read by the many, and mean music and beauty to them. To make an art available is not necessarily to lower its quality. Radio may have increased the volume of cheap music, but it has also extended the enjoyment and appreciation of great music. Similarly, new projects in drama, like those in the little theaters, school and college drama workshops, and in Federal theaters, have not only made it possible for thousands to see plays, but have brought renewed vitality to the theater. In the same way school and government art projects have served painting. Readings of poetry over the radio, in poetry classes in schools, and plays in verse have expanded poetry's audience.

The little poetry magazines did give, in the last twenty-five years, a place to poetry that it had long lacked, but it was unfortunately a special place. Poets have recognized this fact in the last few years and have turned to the stage, the lecture platform, the radio, and, curiously, to the orator's stand. Witness the work of Auden, Spender, MacLeish, Maxwell Anderson, and the younger poets absorbed in political and social preaching. But the orator's stand can be a slippery one. It encourages didacticism, posturing, propaganda pretentiousness, and lack of feeling. Some poets are beginning to see that if poetry is to keep its wider audience, it must be more lyrical, more simply human, with integrity of feeling — as in the newest poems of Frederic Prokosch, in Archibald MacLeish's *Land of the Free*, in the simple and lovely nature lyrics of Edward Weismiller. Here is poetry that can

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speak to everyone. Here is poetry that reaches more than poets, and more than the special readers of special poetry magazines. It offers a challenge, an opportunity, for wider publication which the little poetry magazines must face if they are to increase their contributions to American letters.

Such was the discernment of Miss Monroe and the ardor of her devotion to poetry that, had she lived, she would, one is convinced from her book, have worked to encourage the new trend as freely and intelligently as she did those many developments which made her work in editing *Poetry* so exciting, so valuable, and so constantly expanding.

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Contributors' Column

Probably the most effective strike throughout the world is that of parents in their refusal, and, as *K. D. Kingsley* points out, their inability to have sufficient children to keep the population stable numerically. This strike seems to be carried on without organizers or propagandists and for reasons unanswerable thus far. Professor Kingsley took his Ph.D. at Harvard a few years ago and is at present head of the division in sociology at the Pennsylvania State College. His chief academic interest is in various aspects of the family. "Parents Go On Strike" is one of his many articles on the subject.

After working six years with the Atlantic Monthly company, *Quincy Howe*, a Harvard graduate, became editor of The Living Age in 1929. Here he published the first disclosures about the arms traffic, excerpts from which, read from the Senate floor by Senator Borah, led finally to the Nye investigation. Mr. Howe is now head of the editorial department at Simon and Schuster. In his article "Have We Bonds with the British?" Mr. Howe takes exception to some of the arguments advanced by Livingston Hartley in his article "Our Bonds with the British" which we published in our Spring issue.

Virgil Barker is a name familiar to all those interested in the art of painting. He is the author of three books: Pieter Bruegel, the Elder; Henry Lee McFee; and A Critical Introduction to American Painting. He is at present at work on a long book, American Painting: History and Interpretation. "The Subject in Recent American Painting" is based on a lecture delivered at the annual Winter Institute of the University of Miami of which Mr. Barker is Trustee.

In the Winter issue of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW we published a first story by *Warren Beck*. "Jake Boyd" seems to us even better than the first. Mr. Beck is a professor of English at Lawrence College.

John H. Crider went to the New York Times after having graduated from the Columbia School of Journalism in 1928. A year and a half ago he became a member of the Times Bureau in Washington specializing in financial and business news. "Cross of Silver" argues against the present-day results of Bryan's famous political issue.

Americans would not now be watching Spain's civil war with so much understanding and pity were it not for the knowledge of her civilization given us by *Archer Milton Huntington*. He is founder and president of the Hispanic Society of America, the author of many

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books, verse and prose, about Spain, and has presented art collections to San Francisco, Yale University, and to the Charleston Museum. "Iberian Poems" are further expressions of his love of Spain.

Philip Kerby who has been war correspondent and a reporter most of his life is the author of Beyond the Bund, and coauthor of the NBC Book of Symphony and therefore familiar with "Radio's Music."

Mark Twain had high hopes for *Dorothy Quick* when she was a child of eight and his interest in her has been justified by her two volumes of verse, a novel, Strange Awakening, about to be published, but principally for her remembrances of her association with him soon to be published as a book of which these notes, "My Author's League with Mark Twain" are a part.

Morley Callaghan's stories are well known to readers of such magazines as the New Yorker, Harper's Bazaar, and Esquire. His last novel, More Joy in Heaven, was published by Random House, and he is at the moment dramatizing a previous novel.

Herbert C. Pell, having as a child enjoyed the security of a more stable economic régime in America, confesses in "A Contented Bourgeois" that he can relinquish its benefits without shedding more than a passing tear. One time democratic State Chairman for New York and now our Minister to Portugal, Mr. Pell has written numerous articles on political subjects.

As a New York newspaper feature-writer and reporter *E. K. Titus* has had occasion to gather information and statistics on our possible "Hundred Billion for Warriors."

One Mighty Torrent; the Drama of Biography was a critical history of four centuries of English life in terms of its biographies written by *Edgar Johnson* and published last year. Mr. Johnson is in the department of English in the College of the City of New York and he contributes to us the article "American Biography and the Modern World."

Among our book-reviewers this Quarter *Lloyd Morris* and *Herschel Brickell* are old friends. *Odell Shepard* has just been awarded the Pulitzer prize for his biography of Bronson Alcott called Pedlar's Progress. *Mildred Boie*, who is also known to our readers, is a poet and assistant editor of the Atlantic Monthly.

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